

HIS GRACE AFTER DINNER

by a Special Correspondent.

The self invited guests at the National Press Club luncheon last Monday announced themselves, either directly or by implication, as strong supporters of a conscientious stand on draft resisting, and of capital punishment, and, rather predictably, opponents of abortion on request. James Cardinal Knox and James Cardinal Freeman, who told the NPC committee that they were available for a harangue about their fairly well known views on abortion (an offer regrettably accepted), said more or less what was expected of them

and threw in a nice unexpected little surprise when they announced that they had an appointment so guess what — question time would have to be cut short. Still some good questions came through in the 30 odd minutes allowed like (of JC Knox): You say the Church takes a strong stand in the defence of individual life. What is the attitude of the RCC to capital punishment? — ah, erm, well, I think there is a difference between when the state decides that for the protection of human society etc. etc. innocent little fetuses etc. etc. etc.

What about Vietnam? (JC Freeman) You are saying that the Church had a duty to speak out against Vietnam and failed to do so, yet you are now saying that they shouldn't speak out in favour of innocent etc. Aren't you being inconsistent? JC Knox announced that he would advise people to break the abortion law if it was enacted, but was less than totally convincing when he was asked how someone could (except of course to perform backyarders). He demonstrated quite convincingly to all, in an answer to a question of Mungo McCallums, that he didn't know

the text of the bill by talking of doctors being forced to perform abortions against their will, a provision amply covered by the all enveloping conscientious objector clause. In answer to the one question allowed of a woman, (to wit, that regardless of whether the bill was passed women were having, and would continue to have abortions, some by filthy backyards, others in expensive antiseptic peace in either Singapore, Japan, or sweet sunny Sydney. Knox — without quite actually saying so in so many words (your correspondent was gagging so

much he couldn't quite get the exact phrase down) that anyone who had had or would have an abortion was a disgusting immoral creature. I do recall the phrase: "That certainly does not reflect much credit on your fellow women, does it?"

Rumour has it that the NPC isn't exactly jumping over itself to provide a speaker from the other side (e.g. Freebury). However because of certain outrage expressed by some members, the possibility does exist, some time, of course, in the distant future.

THE PROCESS OF ABOLITION

Last Thursday the 26 April the ANUSA held its 1973 Annual General Meeting. The meeting was to swear in the new SRC, and then debate a motion to change the constitution in order to abolish the SRC.

The meeting however failed to raise a quorum. Lack of interest was obviously one reason for this, fortunately many other reasons existed so the situation was in fact not as bad as it may at first have appeared.

The constitutional amendments will now be introduced at the new AGM to be held on Tuesday 9 May.

The interest shown so far in the upheaval does not augur well for its eventual success. Few students are aware of nature of the proposed change, probably most are not aware

that a change is proposed.

The operation involves drastically slashing the present constitutions.

Previously the SRC was a subordinate body of the S.A. The new constitution seeks to have the Students' Association elect committees as officers to pursue its interests instead of the SRC.

It seeks to hold students Association meetings fortnightly with the provision for special meetings on three days notice.

The powers of the Students' Association over its elected officers will be wide.

Any elected officer (bar the President) will be able to be removed by a simple general meeting majority (previously the S.A. could not sack the SRC)

The President can be removed by a 2/3 majority of a special general meeting (Previously the President could not be sacked).

The trustees of the Association, previously the Secretary, Treasurer and President, are to be altered to solely the President and Treasurer.

One common fear is that the President and Treasurer will be given too much power. Precautions have been taken to attempt to avoid this happening.

Section 12 (2) is proposed to state:

"Until such time as a General Meeting is convened the President may take such action, consistent with the politics of the SA determined by a General Meeting, as he considers necessary for the interests of the Association provided that he shall report any action so taken to a General

Meeting of the SA as soon as possible."

It is proposed that the Students' Association will elect committees "as it deems necessary to consider particular matters of interest to the Association" and that

"1) Recommendations of any such committee shall be considered by a general meeting of the Association.
2) That any such committee shall have access to any information in the possession of the President or Treasurer of the association, regarding the matter under consideration.
3) That meetings of such committees be open to any interested persons, but only those elected to the committee may vote."

Elected officers of the S.A. will be The President, Treasurer and AUS Secretary — All elected by the student body. The

Woroni editor shall be elected at a General Meeting. These are the changes proposed to the constitution. If passed they will radically alter student government at this university. Their effect will be to allow many more student to become involved in the affairs of their Association. For the success of the proposed system only one thing is necessary; student willingness to support it.

The last meeting set down to discuss it failed to gain a quorum. If the next meeting does also, or even if it fails to attract over 200 members it would appear obvious that the students are not prepared to support the scheme. Although it may be passed by the meeting, if student interest is so low the scheme will undoubtedly fail.

WHAT A RIP OFF !!!

Coaching agencies in Canberra are the biggest rip offs out. Not only do they charge exorbitant rates, but their teachers are underpaid and often unqualified. One particular agency (run by a Mrs Kerr and her son, an ex-ANU student) offers parents a six week course for their child, i.e. six one hour lessons, for the sum of \$27. (\$4.50 per hour). Tutors for these lessons are recruited

by notices put up on our student employment notice boards (NOT by Shirley Kral). To get a tutoring position all you have to do is ring Mrs Kerr and say you want a job. She will perhaps ask you what year university you are doing, but not necessarily what subjects you are studying. Your qualifications, your experience or suitability are not questioned. There is no further contact

with the agency, except you receive a cheque from Mrs Kerr. The same applies to the parents, they hear no more from Mrs Kerr, apart from experiencing a flying visit from Ian Kerr when he arrives to collect the \$27 fee.

The cheque the tutor receives from the agency is for \$15 (= \$2.50 per hour). For merely getting the tutor and

pupil together, the agency takes \$2 an hour, or just under 45% of what the parents pay to have their child tutored.

For the same sort of practice, the Canberra Coaching College justifies itself by the fact that they have overheads, such as rent, to pay (they have an office in Northbourne Avenue). Mr Carrol, the "headmaster", has not been in the office for the past two days; the secretary

merely says to call back at 5pm.

Perhaps they, the CCC, do have rent and salaries to pay, but the Kerrs operate out of a private house, and for their blatant extortion there is no justification. The university employment service offers the same services without the middleman's fees being paid by unsuspecting parents.

TO YOU DEAR ED, WHOEVER YOU ARE....

To the editor and the staff of the *Woroni*:

I find the majority of the contents of the *Woroni* offensive. Much of the writing is infantile in its exhibitionism and indiscretion. The lack of subtlety is an insult to *Woroni* readers. Items which could best be treated in a straightforward manner, which ostensibly are news, invariably reflect the overt prejudices of the writers. No article is without a hateful and condescending attitude toward someone or something. Further, the staff also seem preoccupied with sex and sexual perversion.

The appeal of the *Woroni* is limited to fringe groups, and holds little of intellectual or practical use or interest for its typical readers. In its present form, I find no praise for the *Woroni*.

I offer the following suggestions:

- 1) Separate news and opinion, identify each clearly, and strive for truly unbiased presentation of the news.
- 2) Try to cover a broader spectrum of ideas and issues. Suggest concrete steps to be taken on each issue. Try to appeal to a greater number of students.
- 3) Seek to include one item at least, in each issue, which is laudatory, optimistic, or otherwise positive. People can tolerate only so much bad news.
- 4) Get yourselves out of the forefront of your minds. Consider your readers. Respect us, and give us a little credit for critical thought and intellectual integrity. We are unconcerned with your egotistic, self-centered ravings.

I conclude that the purposes of the staff of the *Woroni* are not to inform, nor to stimulate intelligent thought, nor to provide a forum for the discussion of issues which concern students, but to expound the opinions of the staff and those who agree with you, to criticize in the basest manner people and beliefs you dislike, and to satisfy the cravings of your own egos.

I am keeping an exact copy of this letter, and will object strenuously if its meaning, if published in *Woroni*, is distorted in any way, by editing, layout, misprinting or otherwise. Further, I withhold my identity, as I have found no evidence on any of *Woroni*'s pages which leads me to believe that I would remain free of abuse were my identity known. I sign myself only,
A First-year B.A. Student.

Dear Editor,

The most remarkable feature of the continuing Tower debate is failure of the proposed Tower's closest residents, the 1500 inhabitants of Bruce, Burton, Garran, Ursula, John's, and Burgmann, to organize themselves as a pressure group in their own interests.

The argument as to whether Black Mountain or Mt. Crace is the preferable site has been carried on as if on the understanding that both are essentially uninhabited zones where no one stands to be annoyed, kept awake, driven neurotic, or forced to move by the noise, chaos and dust that the construction will involve. Yet the fact is that no one can be sure that the operation will not make sleep and study in the halls and colleges almost impossible.

Without knowing the contractor's plans it is impossible to predict exactly what hall residents will have to suffer; but it is a fair bet that they will include the following:

1. Movement of graders, heavily loaded gravel trucks, and bulldozers along Clunies Ross Street or thru the University grounds proper.
2. Bulldozing and blasting noise from the widening of Black Mountain Road, from the summit right down to just behind Burgmann and John's.
3. Direct noise (and very likely wind-blown dust) from blasting and construction at the summit.
4. Bulldozing out of a pick-up area somewhere near Burgmann for the workmen who, since there won't be parking space at the summit, will park their cars in this area (in the early morning) and be ferried up to the top.
5. Vastly increased tourist traffic (estimated by the PMG at more than 1,000,000 paying visitors a year) pouring up to the summit day and night (fumes as well as noise) after the construction is completed.

At the present evenly-balanced phase of the Tower debate the pointing out of the Halls and College's predicament would lend powerful assistance to the conversational and aesthetic arguments.

Effective representations could be made either by Warden and Hall Governing Bodies (tho they may require the VC's permission to enter public debate), or by Hall and College JCR's. Letters to the papers, and letters and telegrams to the relevant Ministers (Whitlam, Enderby, Uren) are perhaps the best methods.

Last week the Chairmen of the Burton and Garran JCR's sent a joint letter to the editor of the Canberra Times, who, however, failed to publish it. The other Halls and Colleges have as yet done nothing, and time is running out.

Mark O'Connor.

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Dear Helen,

Your diligent reporter Mr A. McCredie seems to be in need of some advice as to what constitutes reporting and useful comment. In his article "SRC Farce" he reports an interview with me which was not an interview but a discussion at which he took only very occasional notes. I would not have mentioned this but for the irresponsible preamble to the interview where he asserts with no evidence, particularly none from those who mooted the "Lefts" proposal, that "the main reason why they are looking for change is that three of their candidates...were disqualified,

Such judgment as a preamble reduces what pretends to be reporting to useless destructive comment in a vacuum.

I would not express myself as McCredie claims I expressed myself.

Julius Roe.

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Dear Sires,

Just as the day becomes night as a woman student I would like to briefly identify myself with my sisters in need at this university.

- We need an after 5 pm creche.
- We need a room allocated for this purpose in the new Union Building.
- We need equal opportunities for study — i.e. individual soundproof cubicles on campus as we have family distractions at home.
- We need a representative from women's liberation at all SRC meetings to discuss and outline our specific needs and discuss above points.
- We need highchairs and communal toys provided by university funds.

Sisters join me in protesting our right to a contraceptive vending machine, and free abortion information and child care clinic.

Education is not the specific right of single, childless, 18-19 year white women and coloured women as well.

On hope,
Anne Cox.

Sir,

Of some interest to me were Chairman Refshauge's comments to the press (CTC7, 2CA, 23/4/73) regarding the placing of Right to Life posters on Library walls earlier in the week. One wonders why Mr. Refshauge's righteous outrage has never descended upon the Anti-Apartheid movement, the Save Reid House movement, the Garran Hall Savoy Ball Committee, Gay Lib and Women's Lib organisations, and all the other interested student groups who have used the Library walls as a medium of communication in the past.

It would seem that Mr. Refshauge's remarks were prompted more by political bias than by any concern for the cleanliness of the Library walls.

J Monaghan
Science III.

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Dear Sir,

The student movement in Australasia has recently materialised a turn in consciousness. With the Labor Government on the right there has been a discernable slowdown of activity within the rank and file and a contradictory clampdown from above.

Those who are unsure of where to step next are enticed to playpower by forces from without the university. But the real long term change will come from the students themselves.

In only one mass party has the youth control of the machine — in the Australia (non) party. Here also women have a majority voice; as shown by Dianna Wards successful 1970's senate campaigns.

Participatory democracy is the ruler.

The National Executive deploras Sir Roden Cutlers politics as subversive as shown in his recent London broadcasts.

His meddling in the game has only been rivalled by his friend of forty years. However then it was done to topple a Labor Premier (Lang, NSW). Now they plan to get Whitlam and his lackeys.

It is your choice how you play the game.

National Secretary of the Young Australians, Peter Dunkel, Box 74 Wentworth Building, Sydney University 2006.

SPORTS ACTION

"The Sports Union offers me nothing!"

"What are these fees that I'm forced to pay, spent on?"

"Sport on campus only caters for a small fostered elite".

"I dodged sport all through school, why should I have anything to do with it now?"

Aren't you just dying to add to this list of criticisms. Before you do, I suppose you've got your facts straight and know what your talking about. Or do you only think you know? Of course you realise that you have annual Sports Union fees to pay and you might even have walked past a few squash courts on your way to the Union Bar. How much more do you know or care to know about Sport's Union activities? Obviously they haven't received enough publicity. However this will change in the near future.

So you're going to have more of the Sports Union stuffed down your throats and you still don't know any more about sport on campus. Is this because your concept of sport is still squashed into narrowly associating it with organised school team games. Not only the sport itself but the social life associated with Uni Sporting Clubs is far removed from regimental school concept.

How do you feel about riding? (Horses or surfboards that is) Would you prefer to fall down a cave or fly a kite; glide off mountains or chase fish. The various clubs affiliated with the Sports Union cater for all of this and more. You can paddle your own canoe and if fencing is more in your line, there's a club full of budding Errol Flynn's to make you feel at home.

Perhaps you think that in past years, many vital questions about the Sports Union have been left unanswered, or if they have been answered, very few students have known how to uncover what has been said. Few of you would know how your fees are spent and what you can get in return. Hopefully in the future more of you will be made aware that this organisation (of which you are all financial members) is alive and well and living on campus.

This may be done through examining the clubs and what they offer, posing questions and extracting a few interviews from people in positions you may not even know exist. If I achieve nothing more I'll fill up some space in *Woroni*.

The basic question, however, still remains. Why waste the membership of a body such as the Sports Union, which you pay for, simply through ignorance of what it has to offer you. Anyone can fly a kite, so join the club.

P.S. If what I have written is a pile of crap write to me c/- the Sports Union Publicity Officer and say so.

RHODESIA! RHODESIA!

The Australian public has remained badly informed over the issue of Rhodesia. The information that does filter through is often inadequate or incorrect and, invariably dwells upon problems of white's relations with the Smith regime rather than the mass repression of Africans in Rhodesia.

The continued existence of the Rhodesian Information Centre in Australia as a propaganda base for the white supremacists provides a number of problems. The Centre as it exists at the moment as a mouthpiece for Smith must be challenged, yet the Centre is merely an issue within the greater issue of the liberation of Limbabwe.

The prospect of the closure of the Rhodesian Information Centre has met with criticism on the grounds that it violates the idea of freedom of speech. But just whose freedom of speech is being impaired. As the situation stands at the moment the white regime has two outlets for propagating their views in Australia. The Rhodesian Information Centre

and the Rhodesian-Australian Friendship association both distribute Smith's views and that may well be freedom of speech but the Rhodesian Information Centre has paid officers of the Rhodesian Government and that is a different matter altogether.

It is not primarily the supremacist propaganda of these centres

that is offensive but the very existence of the paid agents of this regime in Australia. These Rhodesians may well have taken out Australian citizenship to prevent their deportation but nonetheless it seems that they should not continue to enjoy the various official protection that they do.

S. HOLLAND.

FOR THE UNION KEEPS US STRONG

CLEAN GENE

With the recent rash of drug busts it appears inevitable that sooner or later the Union bar will be raided. Police have already been seen there, and it is known that they can get hold of student ID Cards. It is of course up to individuals to take precautions, but they may not always be aware of the risks. Why doesn't the Union Board recognise what goes on. Why not a few "Mr Sweeney (or one of his friends) may be watching you" type signs around the bar to encourage people to be careful. After all no-one wants to be busted. Not me and especially not the Union.



Bar Manager Axel Neilsen has given in his notice of resignation. He will continue for another 1½ months then leave for a well-paid job elsewhere. Axel is the gentleman who organised so many good nights in the old Union with Free food and free music and is the person behind the highly successful running of the new bar. He is also the person who has organised numerous functions for the Union, to the value of around £100,000 pa, and one of the few people around the university who is working below his earning capacity for reasons of satisfaction. Anyway the ingratitude and abuse eventually became too much. Hassles with the Union bureaucracy, and the combination of numerous other minor irritants eventually forced him to quit. Its a pity, he is one of the Union's greatest assets.

REFSHAUGE REPORTS:

Fourth Student Residence

The controversial and long-awaited fourth (non-collegiate) student residence is in process of construction — you can see it rising next to Sullivan's Creek, between the Kingsley Street Hall and Barry Drive. While the bricks and mortar rise from the ground, that more frustrating edifice is being designed in the Chancery. This is the complex network of admissions policy, internal government, financing, staffing, and rules known as **HALL ADMINISTRATION!**

The fourth hall is based on a 10 student module, with a couple of bathrooms, a kitchen and a lounge for each module. There is no supervision by a full-time resident warden along the lines of the existing halls.

Each study bedroom houses a single bed, writing desk, wardrobe and easy chair. The room is seen as a private realm which is unlike — due to structural design and possible movement of furniture — the one next to it, or any other.

where the student can retire to absolute privacy if he wants to do so.

It is hoped that the hall will be ready for occupation at the beginning of the 1974 academic year. In the meantime, the "Interim Planning and Management Committee" has been called together by the V-C to "make recommendations ... on the management, governance and general administration of the residence".

The Committee consists of: Dean of Students (Prof. D.P. Scales - French), Deputy Academic Registrar (Mr. G.E. Dicker), P. Bracher (graduate LL.B student), Miss Brenda Farrell (Secretary, Graduate House), Dr Middleton (Psych), Paddy Monckton (Postgrad. Rep on Council and member Graduate House Governing Body), Richard Refshauge, Mr A.Robertson (Assistant Registrar, Property & Plans), Mr G. Rossiter (Warden, Burton Hall), Bruce Sutton (Pres, RSA), Prof. C.M.Williams (History, Faculty of Arts), Mr D.

Wrigley (Architect/Designer),
Phillip Allnutt (Chairman,
Garran JCRC).

If you have any ideas on how the residence should be governed, managed, etc., then any of these people will be only too glad to listen. Plans are moving reasonably quickly though I hope to be able to report back to the students as often as possible.

**INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
OR HOW OUR ASSOCIATION
RUNS THE WORLD!**

The ANUSA has also considered comment and action on world affairs to be part of its mandate. This year, two issues have so far been taken up:

(1) **French tests.** A fairly small march on the French Embassy was staged on Thursday 19 April, and a 500-signature petition presented to the Charge d'Affaires. He countered our arguments by referring to the work of such Australian experts as Sir Ernest Titterton and Sir Phillip

Baxter! The documentation he kindly presented us with is available if anyone wishes to look at it.

(2) **Pakistani POW's.** The plight of 90,000 military and civilian POW's caused concern at the last General Meeting, and a resolution condemning India and deploring the suffering and illegal detention unanimously carried. A letter has been written to Mrs Gandhi explaining our views and urging her to release the prisoners. When a reply is obtained, it is hoped that the correspondence will be published in **Warani**.

NIMBIN

NIMBIN
You must all know by now that the Arts Festival at Nimbin (northern NSW) is to be held from 12 to 20 May.

How to get there: A Nimbin train (The Good Times Express) leaves Sydney 5.50 pm on Thursday 11 May. Tickets, at \$5 each, can be arranged through the SRC Office. NOW.

All tickets will be pre-sold, so book early. Festival tickets can also be bought for those who wish to make their own way to Nimbin. These are \$5 each and can be purchased immediately at the SRC Office.

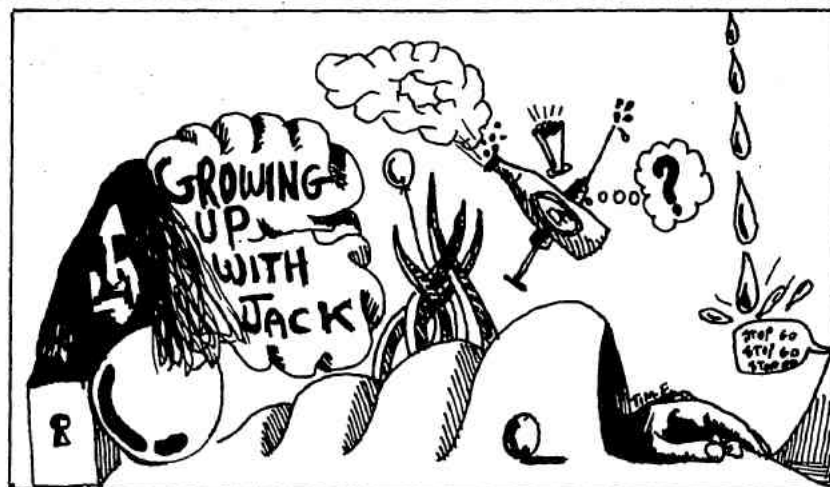
What to do when you get there:
BE PREPARED — there is no shelter at Nimbin and it gets cold. Join with friends to organise a tent for yourselves. Basic food goodies are available but fancy food is your responsibility. A copy of Every Nimbin Scout's Guide is available at the SRC Office.

Are you responsible? In order to get through all the work associated with the Festival we are looking for 100 people who are going but who would be willing to be rostered for duty at entry points and in the parking bays. If anyone is willing to be rostered, and would guarantee to help, the President, SRC Office, would be glad to hear.

Richard Refshauge

Since the last issue times have been lethargic. I suppose there were plenty of popular horse races, the odd ball or two, probably a few exhibitions and a continuous round of parties on the diplomatic scene (to farewell the all so many who are departing back to foreign parts as a result of Dec. 2).

Anyway if I'm sober about once a week "Growing Up With Jack" will at everyone's disgust perhaps appear in a couple of future Woroni's! However in order to write this load of bullshit I need loads of complaints, letters, sex advice, general vice and service. Any efforts are welcome, and if more than welcome I will buy the donor some cold piss. (Promises, promises.) Specially sex advice.



Di Riddell is reading "The Well of Loneliness". In bed too she claims.

How the fuck did he ever pass a police intelligence Test? Half the shits that worked on this rag have got more "nausea" than Reg. Christ I've walked to uni several times and never been molested, much as I have tried.

In another role soon we will be visited by two Sydney Jacks who will stay about a year. Names and photos soon.

In any case old friend of many house visits Ray Sweeney has made good and has been promoted to Detective Sergeant. One cannot be bitter after all, he did bust himself working hard for it. In celebration Woroni hopes to print an issue all about dope in the near future, plus! A special bonus! We will print it on rice paper so whilst you sit waiting for Ray, Canberra's socializing hero, one can roll joints at cheap expensiveness, (the copy probably tastes like shit anyway).

Perhaps you think I dislike police, this is untrue and unfounded! To prove so I quote from a recent recruitment ad for careers in the Canberra police: "The National Capital is growing fast and so is the ACT Police Force. A virile growing force means rapid promotions, modern equipment and up-to-date methods". Highly commendable! Still this "virile growing force" sounds like a large amount of cock to my filthy brain. Brouchures and Application forms can be obtained from the Recruitment Officer, PO Box 401, Canberra City, 2601.

It is absolutely necessary to have a police force to protect us from perverts etc. Why I even read in my weekly news source the Melbourne "Truth" that "The founder of the strait-laced South Australian Moral Action Committee, the Rev. Lance Shilton, 51, is to make a three-month tour of the United States, Britain and Scandinavia to study closely pornography and its effects".

Rumour states that the ANU Drinking Society will organise a mass demonstration in their Clubrooms Upper Floor Union Building this week as a result of a proposed increase in the price of beer by 2 cents in the ACT. They have many political bombs at their disposal (courtesy of Croatia)

such as the 416m beer excise revenue for 1972-73 is \$92m more than the cost of Australia's 24 F111 bombers.

The Government obviously thinks we should drink less and/or spew less. My own ideas are quite different. Did you know that methylated spirits has 96 per cent alcohol; it is quite reasonable with Coke or Orange Juice.

If your taste is really wide try Listerine, though it only contains 21.55 per cent alcohol it is a much more gentle smash than say vanilla essence (49.68 pc) or liqueur chocolates (1.69 - 2.21 pc)



Jack Growford, pissed, putting shit on his favourite Union barmaid over the price of beer.

Senator Murphy (or is it Furby by now) appears to have a tussle with the media. I often wonder why? The only facts I know is that Murdoch has a reporter and a researcher on Murphy shitstirring full time. It is said in quiet corners of the parliamentary press gallery that these delvings have been very deep (and damaging perhaps?) into Murphy's personal life. Source says Murphy will soon be shoved upstairs too the High Court, which means someone up there has to be kicked upstairs too. Well Sir Paul Hasluck will soon remove himself from G.G. and Sir Garfield Barwick will be moving into G.G. from High Court. Which intrigue leaves us with who is next A-General. Well Mr. Keppel Earl Enderby (already "A-G in Reps.") has had it made clear to him the job is his. In B. and W. Kep will be in, still Murphy is not at all pleased about being put on the high court - his present attitude could almost be classified as "draft" resistant.

And from the Sun-Herald April 29, Melbourne social pages, a titillating piece -

Most diverting line of the TV week ... ANU student posing question to one of the pro panel on the TDT forum on abortion: "I direct my question to you ... is it Mrs or Miss?"

"Neither," tartly came the reply from the woman addressed "it's M/s".

"Sorry, I can't pronounce that so I'll just call you Cox," came back the young man blandly.

Hopefuls are already beginning to jockey for position in the ACT ALP preselection stakes. It is a three race meeting with the parliamentary stewards lately consenting to two new senate seats and one new Reps seat.

Inside bets are Ken Fry (an ANU part-timer), who is known to want a Senate seat, and Gordon Walsh who would prefer Reps but might attempt a Senate seat if it came up before a Reps. election. Absolute outsiders are Peter Wilenski, who is Whitlam's private secretary, and Ian Jordon, a right wing PKIU affiliate.

The basic problem is that this gang of upper middle bourgeois professionals is in urgent want of a good Union man to balance the "labour" team. Who? Certainly not Jordon, who is considered a groupie by left wingers. McCauley - too old and senile. Whalan - too rightwing.

An Outsider? Not fucking likely. Bill Morris, TLC Secretary would stand a chance, except for some of the mud some of his many enemies have stowed away for just such an opportunity.

It appears to me that the unhinged quantity is the basically right wing Canberra North Labour Party Branch will all parties still unsure of their numbers there.

P.S. Keppel Earl Enderby, MHR, is still considered to have a mortgage on his preselection but 'wone.

Love and kisses,
Jack Growford.

P.S. If you are busted, ring 477306 - they have sympathetic lawyers, doctors, the whole bit.

P.I.S. If you want to learn how to kiss in 7 different ways, want to know why David Cassidy wants to quit the Partridge Family, read how superbeaut superstar Rick Springfield, talks frankly and score a Jackson 5 colour pin-up buy a copy of Australia's newest magazine - Beaut.

The Union Building appears to be still attempting to stay erect despite an onslaught by the filthy Carlos Graffitti fans and assorted juice freaks. The only graffitti the echelons wiped off was on the men's loo door, which said "Come in and fuck yourself Gene". Understandably the loo door was then locked, perhaps the invitation was too wanting. In any case students got ripped by the building - the foundations are larger than those used in the nine story Woden Valley Hospital and the ceiling structural beams are four times too large for those necessary (who wants to follow that up, Union Board?).

But not to fret Gene da Tooth is strongly rumoured to be transferring his fat bod to the Classics Department if his current applications are accepted. (Tooth used to practice classics at WA Uni. until he got arseholed by active students for his later Union secretarianism). Still another prominent member of union staff has posted two months resignation notice. This person will be a sad loss. Perhaps the Union Board should not shove their dope hassles onto the Union: repercussions might eventuate! Such as you having (past tense) being told to stuff yourself and the whole load of shit being sent up to Uni Council. Just for the record Tooth got utterly conned on the Union Bar carpet - ask him why.

Will Williams be exposed? Our new V.C. may be in deep water if all the papers we have from Ontago (NZ) Uni prove truthful. Did Sir Ernie Titterton expose himself? Staff Club rumour says "yes!" He was pissed off with the ANU not wanting to make bombs etc. and thought N. Coombs and Uni Council gave him a hard time in his position and decided to expose them all! Anyway Ernie will be back soon, may deny all, clear his bad name and get a job somewhere else. (When phoned by the C. Times in Amerika he said, "I have nothing to say.") Padgham was pissed off at not gaining the communications officer job at CCAE. Perhaps one J. Reid of National U fame had a finger (or 10) in the matter.

Melville Hall security has upped itself of late. Perhaps because of the derogatory National U article on Interpol and drug squad activities in Canberra. It was a Monday N.U. issue but their circular was as late as 9.00 am. the next morning. They warned of possible student sabotage attempts - if necessary ring ANU Security! Ring ANU Security?? Is this uni paying to help a load of P.S. ring-ins to investigate our customs and doings.

Reliable sources claim that there are over 1500 people from Canberra alone on one Customs drug tape. How many are innocent? How many know? More pertinantly how many will they bust in their Interpol game?

Whilst dissertating on the subject of inhabitants of stys one must inform of new developments in Canberra. On the Saturday before Easter there were four plain clothes pigs inside the Union Bar attempting to buy dope. They hustled one guy, who had earlier sold them a tab of custard for \$5, to come to the sty for a chat. He politely refused and asked whether they possessed Union Cards. Immediately one pulled out about three but made a mistake: "Opps that for NSW Uni, heres one for CCAE." Then last Thursday a marked police car was parked outside the Union and drove away with a friend of theirs who remotely resembled a hippy (ho hum). Still the classic piece of typical cop logic for the week arrived in the last Sunday Telegraph,

Victorian Police Commissioner Mr Reg Jackson said yesterday that all the money going into education made him "sick".

He said he was "nauseated" to see that the Education Department would receive \$70 million.

"I would hope we could get that sort of money so children could walk to their schools without molestation," he said.

Commissioner Jackson was addressing a graduation class at the Waverley Police Academy in Melbourne.

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Nimbin

Aquarius is the sign of the zodiac under which creative people are born. It is also the name of the cultural foundation of the Australian Union of Students which is the organisation that affiliates nearly all the Australian universities and tertiary educational institutions. Every two years Aquarius organises a national Arts Festival. At Sydney University in 1967, at Melbourne in 1969 and at ANU Canberra in 1971; each festival had been a development on its predecessor, but the festival planned for May is a major break from the past. It is dispensing with the Adelaide concept of arts festival and liberating the setting from strictures of a campus setting. What follows is an outline of the thoughts that have gone into the festival and an attempt at tracing its continual organic growth.

The Canberra Arts Festival was a disappointment for many of the people who attended. It was a good example of bourgeois culture at its worst and resulted in very negative audience responses. From the mud and garbage of Canberra came the idea that the next Arts Festival should be removed from the university scene. It was suggested that the next one should experiment with alternative cultures and be held in the country.

The next year when AUS called for the position of festival directors the two energies of Johnny Allen and Graeme Dunstan were given the task of building an alternative festival. The ideas for the festival of life soon developed, once a positive reaction had been received from other people. Soon Captain Kulture and Superfest (Johnny and Graeme) were on the road telling of a vision of a festival and selling dreams of a new way of life.

During August, the festival had developed into a prophetic vision of a world people would wish to live in — an experience in creative living. Based on Bucky Fuller's philosophy of "The world is what man chooses to make it," the vision involved.

*an exploration of creative technology (plastic and domes), a total environment to recreate the soul/solar system

*an experience in living in harmony with the natural environment (music from the trees, nature's own sideshows, the sunrise and sunset)

*a statement in living in exuberance and joy (silken arabian tents, medieval banners, flags and tambourines ... a public statement of private joy)

*flowers and fruit given away on arrival, a celestial circus with jugglers and clowns, jigs and reels, apple carts, the may-pole, magic circles, kites, fortune tellers, flutes, giant trampoline and magic theatre."

The festival was to extend its creative function to as many people who wished to come. It

was to draw together the high energy of students and others throughout Australia.

At this stage, there was an awareness of the problems that would be faced by bringing together thousands of people. Water, showers, sewage, drainage, flood, power, transport and the selection of a site were starting to be considered. The festival was to provide an excellent opportunity for eco freaks to develop projects for living in balance with the land. The ingenuity of engineers, agriculturists, chemists and the like was to be utilized to demonstrate new ways of recycling resources. Things like chicken shit, methane generators and earthworm compost incubators could be demonstrated. The community would need its public buildings and people to design, site and construct them.

At this stage a newsletter was set up to enable communication between interested people, called "Grassroots Express". The National Association of Architecture Students decided to hold its annual conference at the festival and asked for ideas from members on how to make the festival a self-generating as possible.

"The concepts underlying the festival are superoptimistic. The May Cumtogether represents hope and a chance to see if ideas that have already revolutionized our lifestyles can be used as a basis for a community. The only way to approach the festival is being optimistic, besides there are always pessimists who will try to put any good idea down — accentuate the positive".

The May Manifesto was established to provide a basis for beliefs for the Festival.

While spreading the influence of Aquarius and the vision of the festival, Graeme and Johnny put forward the following ideas:

"* To avoid problems of the cold, a site should be sought in northern NSW.

* The site will not be a campus, but a rural setting. By isolating the festival from conflicting society, the energies will be directed inward.

* The festival will be an experiment in living in harmony with the natural environment. The 'Whole Earth' theme will be emphasized by organisational design, seminars and demonstrations of survival gear.

* The site planning will allow architects and builders to try different styles of community living. The basis of the community will be tribal groups 20-30 people that will be self-sufficient (for catering, sleeping etc).

* Every aspect of the community will be an exercise in imagination.

* To avoid cars turning the site into a parking lot, special trains will be used.



A DREAM ALIVE

* Within the festival community the emphasis will be on participation, rather than consumer entertainment. The absence of expensive props and halls will militate against consumerism. The White Company will be formed to visit centres and act as a focus to draw out creative energies.

* The festival will not be about numbers, but about energy created and exchanged, creativity harnessed and joy manifest.

Aquarius as a total experimental culture is not just an alternative — it is a real need for all of us.

Although the site was still unknown, it was hoped to be able to turn an entire valley into a beautiful garden of flowers, herbs and vegetables. This would require people working for several months preparing crops to provide basic food for the festival. Plans were started at UNE Armidale for growing corn on university land. This was to be sold and the money used

to provide food for May. Feedback started coming to the organizers, including this letter:

"Hope you and John can sort out the camping out thing. I'm dubious about 5,000 never before camped out students, camping out unless carefully organised. They'll all die of mosquito bite and much-room poisoning. Very hard to focus, Graeme, very hard to write for Uni students who will be reading this letter. Will they be coming to this May '73 thing expecting to put 10% energy into camping out and 90% into chasing girls and groovy music, theatre, art or what? I'm strongly for encouraging insightful dropping out of the uni behaviour altogether. I don't know why there isn't a law against them as they are addictive and harmful to your brain". — Gladney Oakley.

The criteria for selection being used was fresh water, isolation from established communities, proximity to railways and roads and a broken up terrain so a

multitude of scenes could happen at once. Water and sewage depended on the site. The food supply problem seemed enormous, but health food restaurants in Brisbane and Sydney offered to help.

"Catering is planned as follows:

1. Participants will be expected to come in self-sufficient groups and be prepared to cook their own food on open fires — (firewood supplied).
2. To bolster supplies, a market where people can sell, buy, exchange garden produce as they want.
3. A store will sell bulk foods and hardware (matches, rope).
4. Food freaks will set up restaurants as they wish, but also to supply cheap survival dishes for those too bombed or busy to cook for themselves."

By November, the basic beliefs, ideas and manifestoes for the festival had been communicated to a lot of people. Graeme and Johnny were touring northern NSW where the climate, country and vibes were sympathetic to the festival's ideals. After much travelling, the choice of site seemed to be between two alternatives.

Alternative 1

At first we thought of leasing land. But there were difficulties because landowners grooving on the rural bliss scene can't really see the point in bothering themselves and their grazing cattle for the sake of an invasion of a thousand city freaks. What's more mention festival or rock and click, click and their consciousness locks into visions of the mountains of garbage left by the rip off pop festivals.

From Sydney came the suggestion that the energy input for the festival ought to go towards something permanent. If we could buy the land then the festival would not be just a one flash and then gone, terminating community. Instead it would be the celebration of the founding of an ongoing alternative community. And consequently a cause for hope and an inspiration for creat-

ivity. This changed the specifications for the site somewhat.

We looked first in the Mullumbimby area but found that the land was beautiful, available in only small lots (about 300 acres), soggy and very expensive.

Three miles from the Melbourne-Brisbane rail link and a minor highway to Brisbane we found a place that could be it. It is 1027 acres for \$40,000. It is at the end of a valley which makes it fairly private with a permanent creek. There are 400-500 acres of cleared river flats, and it backs up into the hills of state forest.

The site will eventuate if some satisfactory financial arrangements can be reached for buying and setting up the community. The general idea is that AUS co-operate with other organisations to raise the capital. The festival itself would be used as a source of revenue and other groups would raise capital from elsewhere and the ownership of the property would be held in trust by a board of trustees representing the natural divisions of an alternative community e.g. builders, growers, healers, craftsmen, child minders etc.

Obviously the selection, the expectations and goals for the community would have to be spelled out in advance. And if this is what the festival could be used for. The experience of it, the presence of committed people will bring the elements together and decide what path the community should take and who should tread it.

This is the vision. The bourgeois realities of capital ownership rear their ugly heads however. Are there groups around who would donate the set up capital without demanding a direct interest? The festival could reasonably contribute no more than \$8,000 otherwise the tickets would be the same outrageous cost as that of pop festivals.

Alternative 2

The idea of building a new community from scratch has in its favour that the structures and layouts of the past will not influence the social relations of the present and future. But the big black mark against it is that it is a waste of resources. Why rebuild when small existing communities are becoming ghost towns because of the rural decline?

The big if is whether the locals would take kindly to an inundation of heads. We have yet to feel it out.

Think of the idea of recycling a town. In this case revenue could be raised to buy up buildings and land to make the town the centre for alternative scenes.

A recent appraisal of the locality revealed some useful resources for a festival (and for an aftermath) ... The most obvious are the number of nearly deserted country towns blighted by the declining dairy industry.





nd there
was turmoil
over the earth.



the majority
said: "... nothing..."



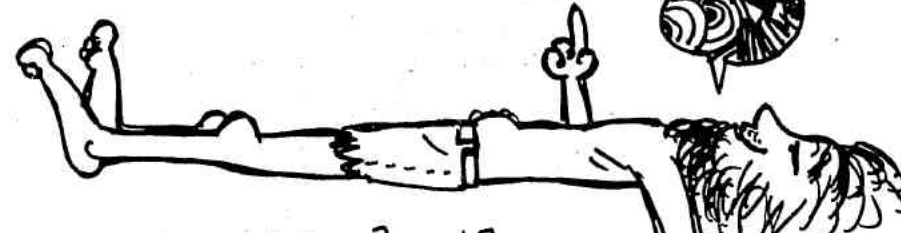
... the politician said:
"...let there
be power!..."



... the peacenik
said: "... let
there be peace!..."



... and the druggie
said: "... its cool man,
its cool..."



... and then the
creature known
as Graem Wmy
said: "... let there
be Nimbun!..."



... and people
came from all
over the land
to this new place
called Nimbun...



There are two special trains going to Nimbin - the Good Times Express leaves Sydney at 5.50 pm May 11th. The return fare is \$15. The Spirit of Nimbin leaves 7.45 am May 11th from Melbourne - the fare is \$27 return (this includes transport from train at Lismore to Nimbin). Those travelling in vehicles to Nimbin will park the car/van in a special holding bay for the length of the Festival, to defray costs of the land leases, etc. Buses will transport participants and baggage to the camping sites as part of the parking fee. Daytrippers and sightseers will also be required to park their cars outside Nimbin - a parking fee of \$2 per day will be charged for such parking.

Following items would best not be forgotten:-

1. Toilet paper, toilet articles (avoid unnecessary crap):
2. Musical instruments and music:
3. Cards and some reading materials that can be swapped round:
4. Contraceptives both oral and other - even if you're not using it now you might want to and it could be hard to get:
5. Some medical equipment basic - facilities are limited - be careful what you bring with you:
6. Basic postal facilities are available but will be strained:
7. Cold water showers and limited washing facilities:
8. Electric power is limited - light will be lanterns in most cases - Care with fire as Dunstan's been made a fire-warden.
9. Childrens activities will be organised by Colleen and BauXhau from the Learning Exchange.

P.S. Don't forget camera and film, art material. Be able to lock up or secure valuable articles - there is always someone to take advantage of your trust of your fellows.

Containers - to carry water or food.

Whips, chains, hundreds and thousands, back copies of Woman's Day and 'John and William' are optional.

Indigestion tablets, torch to find way about at night.

jack growford goes to mass

Jack Growford Joins the Jesus Freaks?

Easter is a time of joy when one pigs into Easter Eggs and other Christian memoirs of J.C. — who got nailed some few years ago by his Friendly local pigs (it was overheard at the party after Calvary that he was extremely well hung, but who would lay a guy who consorted with crims.)

However I was a practicing Catholic for some years and went to mass every Sunday until I graduated. But come Easter Sunday having devoured an inordinate amount of piss and shit I chanced upon my old stamping ground of earlier days at Manuka and filled with nostalgia (or was it nausea) I made a triumphant return to the flock at St Christophers. My ears were filled with the sound of music and my eyes were filled with the flow of tears — here I was where I first developed my altar ego as a mere altar boy. Here was where I first got stuck into the devil piss; if altar wine was good enough for the priest it seemed a reasonably good thing for me too. Them were the good old days, priests had lots of poor box money so we only drank the best.

Anyway here we all were grooving on a couple of double-caps of biblical quotes and freaking in line with the organic music and flashing candles and feeling way out of it. It was a fucking good hit until this guy with a whole lot of imported Indian silk gear took over the stage and said he was going to read us a Pastoral Letter. I thought this was going to be a poem or something artistic but no I was shocked! It was about abortion! Whats more it told us abortion was wrong!

Didn't fool me though, I'm pretty edumicated and decided that I just couldn't cop this load of shit, so I removed my pregnant carcass to the front doors of the peoples church and soon found myself joined by other a dozen other people in an impromptu protest.

The short fat freaky cat, who is known in Jesus Freak pads as Archbishop "Tom the Cheap" Cahill, didn't appreciate the turn of events at all. He told the 1000 odd (some were extremely odd) people in the establishment that they should

pray and hope that "God have mercy on those people outside the door".

Three heavies in the audience decided that this was their cue — they stormed down the church and physically locked us out!

It was incredible. I used to go to that opium (rem. K. Marx den of iniquity every Sunday for over twelve years. I attempt to turn onto JC again and all I scored was getting turned out, I even missed out on the free food at half time.

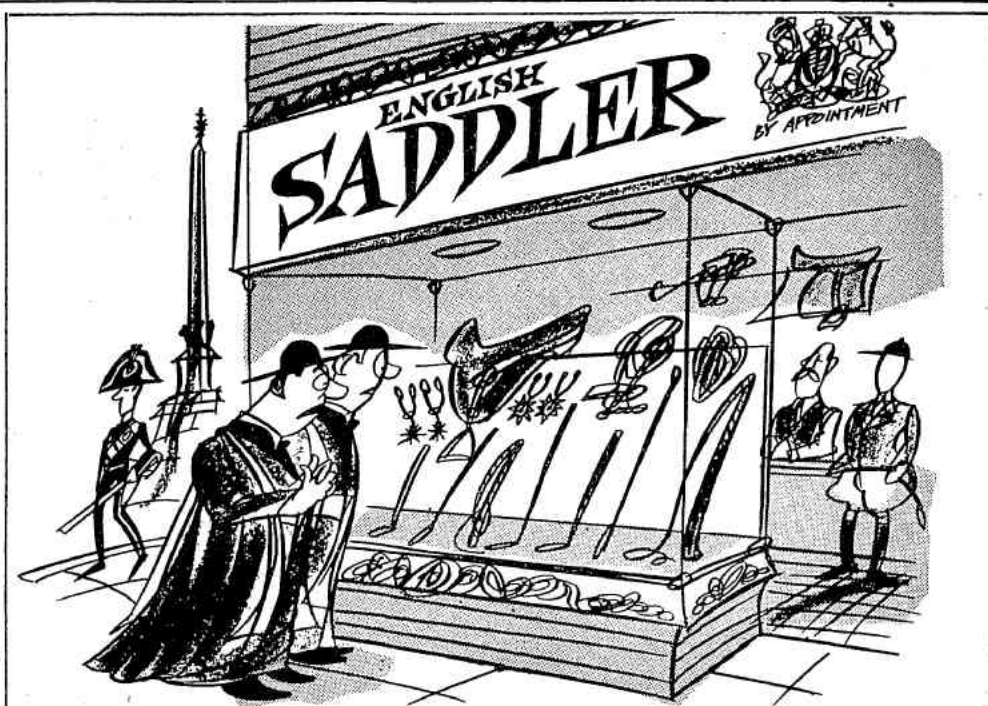
I just stood there in a half shot up stupor whilst various comrades banged on the doors of the bastille of bullshit, (and I thought to myself is it better to be locked out or locked in?)

In the Canberra Times of Thursday April 26 a Ms Gay Furston described these acts as having "shocked" her and that they were performed by "a deviant sociated fringe of the community". However who could take a person with a name like that seriously? especially since the rest of her arguments were typical of Catholic illogic, and she did not even bother to get a very simple fact straight. Ms Gay claims that the slogan painted on the church walls was "Abortion is every woman's right" whereas it was "Abortion: A Woman's Right".

Having shocked the freaks we stood around in the cold on the offchance of confronting Cahill later on. Amusement was aplenty in the form of a police force car rally around the Church. I counted six different pig cars including a holden utility, reg. No. ZIG 413.

Cahill did come out, but only paused to bless us before pissing off. We chatted up a priest for about five minutes, then talked to one of the heavies who locked us out. He was quite bitter especially as he claimed I'd cut his hand when he locked the doors. That seemed enough for the night so we left to play cards (and left about three Catholic laymen playing funny buggars guarding the church).

On Easter Sunday I rose late, as is one of my customs since the pubs don't open till 11.30 am on Sunday. Feeling reasonably screwed and in need of Doctor Alcohol, cure all of cure alls, I inserted myself in my



"Mamma Mia, it must be one of their sex supermarkets!"

sports coupe and drove to Manuka to score some coldies.

Arrived at my prestatated destiny, I chanced to park outside my favourite Cathedral as a mark of reverence. This proved somewhat difficult due to the two police cars and assorted people milling around my chosen parking spot. It was a demonstration! I found myself parked between about thirty militant would-be abortionists to my left and by half a dozen familiar faces from the police force upon my right.

My small mind was in quandry! I had to make a decision. I had to make it immediately. Would I join the police, would I join the protestors or would I join my mates at the pub.

Being Sunday and feeling Christian, I decided to consort with the protestors. The 11 am mass was still on show inside the

church so confrontation was only at a minimum pitch. Purely by coincidence the 11 am Sunday Mass happened to be what is known in racist circles as the 'Wog Mass' because it is often said in foreign languages and all the patriots from the present homeland of Catholicism, Italy, attend in their black marias (with their Maria's and dozen kids in tow).

They felt very shitty at being confronted by the placard holders when they emerged from the 'House of Happy Families'. Most kept a Christian cool but, then again one told us we were crucifying kids in strong garlic terms. However he was picked like a nose when one women retorted "You're crucifying women". He was stumped by this. A pig giggled, he huffed off and the crowd dispersed.

Another freak, with a distinctly un-Australian accent, insisted that we were a pack of subversive poofster Commies "not fit to be allowed into Australia". There seemed a paradox in his rave, but not knowing much about the price of Commies I turned my other cheek.

Well the cops wanted to go and have dinner and so did the Catholics, I wanted to go to the pub and things just added up. Everybody split and peacefully ended a clean tight effective demonstration.

Footnote - On the following Anzac Day the Anzac Service was held at the Cathedral. In attendance was a guard of honour (a dozen cordies from Duntroon complete with resplendent rifles. Guns in churches? Glorification of killing?

Cooma - the camp gaol

Bob McLeod

After six months of degradation, masturbation and finally indoctrination into the finer points of becoming a better crim. in one of our Australian Reformatories. Ha. I was pleased to hear ideas expressed by Kep Enderby, regarding the concern on prison reform. Well when I say pleased I mean as pleased as one would be who hears the talk of idealists, on what should be done.

Just to make things easier so that you can see the appalling out of sight out of mind conditions in which the first timer or apprentice is rehabilitated under, let me point out a few factual experiences I encountered whilst residing at

Cooma Prison. Cooma is an institution as far as I can see used for those who are categorised as homosexuals or pimps. Those men who have raped young girls or boys. The Gay Liberationist. The young man who was unable to protect himself while at one of the more Jailish Jails and who ended up being tied up knocked out and raped and so ends up on protection. The manly lover who declares himself, as Homosexual (better known as the Heavy Hock and so on.)

Then we have the pimp who usually as far as inmates are concerned are not related to man; who will run to the

Governor or to the egotistic uneducated power loving warden at the slightest sign of the smallest mishap.

Now besides these we also have the aboriginal who is neither homosexual or pimp. He has usually been charged with assault and occasioning grievous bodily harm one time or another. Who have all their lives tried to prove their manhood to our discriminating white Australian society and to themselves. Who have to suffer the humiliation of being locked up with those who's lives they find repulsive and to the way in which they are accustomed to living. The disgust in which the Aborigine looks at men kissing in the cells at warders walking away and upon discovering one male masturbating another. How confused and hopeless must the Aborigine feel when he sees how little concern the authorities show in the proper rehabilitation of the white "crim". In fact of any crim.

STAFF

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Marcuse: authoritarian radical?

The publication of Marcuse's latest book, "Counterrevolution and Revolt" marks an important revision of some of his previous stand-points; he describes it himself as "a necessary correction to my work". Unfortunately, the underlying flaws which have affected his other two principal contributions to radical thought in the Western world, "One Dimensional Man" (1964) and "An Essay on Liberation" (1968) still persist, making this book's argument confused and at times self-contradictory.

The book's central concern is with the need for a comprehensive reassessment of the goals and strategies of those groups working within American society for the Socialist revolution. The spontaneous, non-directive rebellion of the counter-culture, the New Left, and the ghettos, which Marcuse had identified in "Essay on Liberation" as the potential catalyst for such a revolution — a revolution in "sensibility" — is in danger of obliteration by a "counterrevolution". The threat is contained in two major tendencies within the system: firstly, the decline in its internal cohesion, which is, however, by itself not sufficient to bring about a revolution; secondly, the reorganization of the forces of established power to meet the challenge of internal disintegration and outside attack. Marcuse sees the combination of those two factors as the potential precursor of a new fascist era: hence the urgent need for a revitalisation of the radical opposition. In "One-Dimensional Man" Marcuse had char-

acterised modern industrial society as already constituting a new form of totalitarian state: the society of "total mobilisation". Now he foresees a counterrevolution which would forge a fascist state, utilising both the technological efficiency of contemporary society and the political terror of fascism. As he points out, the liberal-democratic state "...is NOT a fascist regime by any means. The courts still uphold the freedom of the press; 'underground' papers are still being sold openly, and the media leave room for continual and strong criticism of the government and its policies... the system can still 'afford' this kind of protest. Decisive is... whether the present phase of the (preventive) counterrevolution (its democratic-constitutional phase) does not prepare the soil for a subsequent fascist phase".

In the face of this possibility, it is necessary for the left to consciously consider its direction and objectives. The western world's material and intellectual resources, at this stage in history, are reckoned by Marcuse to be sufficient for the support of a total revolution; not merely a re-shaping of institutions, but the creation of a new mode of social existence, in which relationships based upon domination — of man by man, and of man by his own technological productive apparatus, would be replaced by relationships based upon self-determination and rational cooperation. Yet such a revolution is, in terms of the immediate situation, a non-possibility. Monopoly capitalism of the 20th century has, unlike Laissez-faire capitalism of the

19th, succeeded in reconciling its own internal contradictions. The system which delivers the goods "has created its own supports in the form of a large docile proletariat, sustained by the ever-increasing material rewards of the system, and which now forms the conservative, anti-revolutionary base of society. This theme is not new in Marcuse's writings, having already been extensively explored in the pages of "One Dimensional Man" and "Essay on Liberation". The problem is that the system has created needs which have become part of the individual's personality — as such they which have become "biological" needs. A revolution such as that which Marcuse proposes would involve the substitution of a "genuine" set of needs for the "false" ones of industrial society: a "new sensibility".

At this stage, therefore, an effective radical opposition must make a concerted attack upon the very foundations of the technocratic state. "Dropping out", the hippie subculture, the commune scene, are manifestations of the revolt which are not only doomed to failure but could have a negative effect upon the progress of the movement as a whole. The political revolution must be concurrent with the cultural revolution: they cannot survive separately. An establishment with such ubiquitous control can well afford to take the existence of pockets of deviation; and such toleration tends to strengthen its position as a whole — the principle of "repressive tolerance".

It is at this point that the most dubious aspect of Marcuse's doctrine is expounded. What

is the course of action proposed for a viable revolutionary movement? The answer, basically, is that a minoritarian 'educational' dictatorship must be instituted. Following from the conclusion that the mass of the population has been effectively integrated into the structure of capitalist society and is therefore incapable of providing a mass base for a revolutionary movement, the only solution which, to Marcuse, seems feasible, is the seizure of power by an elite which would, subsequently proceed to re-educate a population with the aim of preconditioning it for a free society.

"While it is true that the people must liberate themselves from their servitude, it is also true that they must first free themselves from what has been made of them in the society in which they live. This primary liberation cannot be 'spontaneous' because such spontaneity would only express the values and goals derived from the established system. Self-liberation is self-education but as such it presupposes education by others. In a society where the unequal access to knowledge and information is part of the social structure, the distinction and the antagonism between the educators and those to be educated are inevitable. Those who are educated have a commitment to use their knowledge to help men and women realize and enjoy their truly human capabilities. All authentic education is political education, and in a class society, political education is unthinkable without leadership, educated and tested in the theory and practice of radical opposition. The function of this leadership is to 'translate'

Trevor Lewis.

spontaneous protest into organized action which has the chance to develop and to transcend immediate needs and aspirations toward the radical reconstruction of society: transformation of immediate into organized spontaneity."

It is this irreconcilable conflict in Marcuse's line of argument which would seem to place his entire stance in danger. He is a thinker essentially concerned with freedom, yet his analysis leads him to advocating of authoritarianism. From condemnation of democratic institutions for their lack of genuine content he proceeds to attack the basic assumptions upon which they are founded; and yet it is surely the principle of legally guaranteed freedoms and cooperatively-imposed limits to state authority which must be first and foremost, defended against the neo-fascist threat which he fore-shadows. One cannot liberate from above; this is surely the lesson of every other major revolution in history. When liberation becomes something imposed by a minority upon a majority it must lose its libertarian content.

The value of Marcuse's writing and in particular this latest work, lies therefore more in his critique of contemporary political institutions and theory than in his speculation upon the form of organization which a revolt against them could take. Essentially his observations of existing conditions are accurate but the scheme which he builds up for them is false; and his attempt to transform traditional scientific Marxism into a new humanistic Marxism may contain the seeds of an intellectual Stalinism.

LEANING

At 80 the wind whips the thin strands of hair that escape his helmet and they hit my face. We move between chill and gentler pockets of air. All the time climbing, up, away from the city now tumbled below, bound for the hut of mud bricks built on Judy and David's bush lot.

The bike finds its own path around the tree scattered mountain. Riding free, my hands, not covered, grip my knees.

No words. Sharing speed and wind and scents of grass and night. The moon is small. A bright oddity of form, we chase it, then leave it to its own.

"2½ MILES OF WINDING ROAD"

We lean-one — Tim and me and the bottle of Moselle strapped on behind and the bike.

Judy and David say they will live there soon, with Judy's two children. Their assurance is in every brick they have fashioned. But the trees still define THEIR lot.

Our reality is this night. There have been other times.

The cutting of the bike's engine disturbs the bush. The moon



finds the hut with its decoration of green bottles bedded in mud.

"Good ride".

"Have you got the matches?"

We hunt for candles. Soon one glows. The hut is small, dominated by the huge kiln and fire place Bill designed. Dusty plastic cups litter the side board. There is an old faded pink mattress propped between the kiln and the mud wall. There is no door, only an opening to the moon and trees.

"It's a bit rough. We need to keep a fire going through the night."

"There's kindling here," I reply.

Outside the moon shows up a pile of dry gum, pulled from the earth for the hut clearing. The remaining gums cluster proudly against the night.

We are small
hut is small

only the candle glows.

Soon Tim's long hands have a fire shaped.

We sit awkwardly on the mattress.

No corkscrew for the wine — we push the cork in, splintering it.

"I love you", he says, passing me the bottle.

I'm awkward now, almost afraid. It's different on the bike. I'm sure then, of speed, of....

"We bring to each other what we can and no more— I'm satisfied," he smiles and builds up the fire.

The night is cooling down. It is already tomorrow.

I touch his face gently. His beard and hair are roughed after the ride.

"Your hair is tangled," he murmurs, and combs it with his strong fingers.

I want to reach him tonight. His mind is open and waits for my giving.

How can I say, I cannot say, what you want me to say? Silent, I take his hand. Am I denying us both? Do we lose?

We lie together. The fire warms us.

Mouths together,
Soon he is inside me. Seeking.
Searching for me.
I lied. I am not there.

We lie still, until morning cold wakes us.

The fire is now only coals, slowly glowing.

We missed the dawn. A grey scattering of clouds has usurped the bold night.

Cold. Cold.

We reach for clothes. I pull on my jeans. There is silence. It is my silence I have given him.

"Thank you". He is humble and his mouth touches mine gently. He does not know.

I want to be on the bike again.

"Coffee?", he suggests and rolls a cigarette.

I know we held each other most of the night. I liked our bodies together — warm and certain.

Why?

"Eight o'clock. There's a coffee house about five miles away, it should be open by now."

The bike splutters. We leave. It bounces on the dirt track. Then bitumen again. We weave with the road, almost like love making, moving in wind and in time.

For a moment I hold him and wrap my arms around his lean body, like that first time I was on the bike behind him. He frees one hand and hugs me briefly.

c. jochheim.

BBRIEFLY

THE ANU POETRY SOCIETY asks you for contributions of poetry for a monthly or biquarterly magazine of poetry that will attempt to provide a similar function for Canberra poets that magazines such as 'New Poetry' or 'Poetry Australia' provide for people in other states.

Submissions should be lodged at the SRC Office, c/- Mr Alan Gould, ANU Union. The aim of the venture is to allow people writing in Canberra the chance to make public their poetic artistry. Deadline for the first edition is 20 May.

Moves to combine the ACT Police and the Commonwealth Police are meeting with fierce resistance in the ACT force. As one gentleman officer said to your intrepid reporter "Murphy's bloody mad"... Those Commonwealth cops will turn Canberra into a nightmare. They are so piss weak. They'll be running around blasting guns at everyone. They'll ruin the respect that we have with the people".

Quotable quotes from the ANU "Right to Life" representatives.

On Children,
"I think we have the right to tell her (the mother) what she should do with the children she already has."

On when the foetus possess life. - 10 weeks?
"Bullshit!"
Instant of sperm implantation?
"theoretically, yes."

On mistakes with contraception,
"I'm not going to advocate pregnancy as a punishment of that mistake but I am saying that it is a consequence of that mistake and like the consequences of many other mistakes it is something that must be borne with for at least 9 months."

On population problem,
"Contraception is an easier and cheaper way of fixing this problem. Abortion is a messy way..."

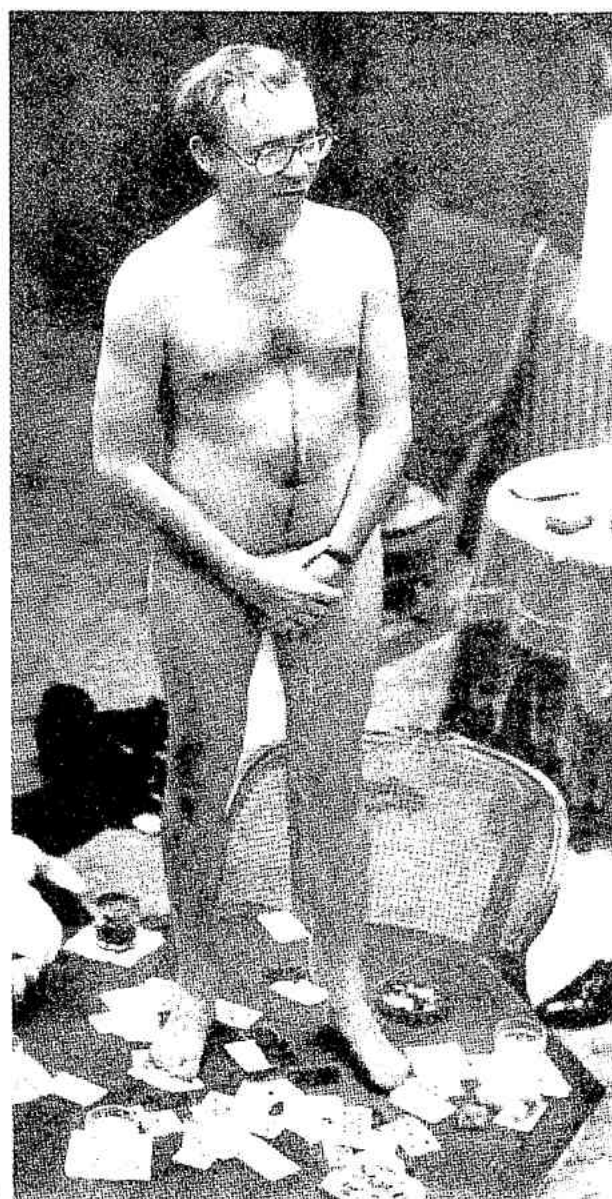
MUSIC ON CAMPUS

The lunchtime concert, which was enthusiastically received in the Union on Thursday 19 April, was put on by the ANU Chamber Music Society and included items performed by Diploma Students from the Canberra School of Music.

We hope to continue to present regular free lunchtime concerts as well as holding on-campus workshops and more formal evening concerts. For our activities to succeed, however, we need the support of interested students, both listeners and players.

The society was formed last year to foster interest in Chamber Music at the ANU. It is a flexible group, however, and previous concerts have included choral works and jazz. One of our aims this year is to contribute towards a closer liaison between the various cultural groups at the University. To this end we are considering an evening of poetry and music, in conjunction with the Poetry and Folk Music Societies.

For information on further activities, please refer to the Union notice board and Bulletin. If interested in joining please contact one of the following: Anna Brown - 488495, Kate Rostron - Burgmann, Giselle Seales - Burgmann, Jenny Bowen - Garran, Anne Conron Garran.



TO ALL OUR CLIENTS

LAKSHMI (Handicrafts of India)
Announces New Price Tickets on her goods from 1st May, being associated with INDIAN HAND-LOOM CORP. She will be able to sell Goods at wholesale price only — no retail price. Watch our New Consignment of Goods.....

SEEING IS BELIEVING
Shop at LAKSHMI — 17 Kennedy St. Kingston
A Genuine INDIAN Concern

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Sometime or another, every woman needs Silk for Evening or Day — Thai Type Handloom Silk 45" \$5.00 per yd.

JEWELLERY
Diamonds may be girls best friend, but a Filigree Brooch — or Bracelet, a Bead of Jade / Agate / Garnet or Topaz, looks equally effective.

BRASSWARE
No matter how modern is your home, there is always a corner for an antique look — a hand-chiselled Brass Piece will create an atmosphere.

SCARVES
A colourful silk scarf, gives life to your basic accessories is a must. \$1.00 & \$2.00.

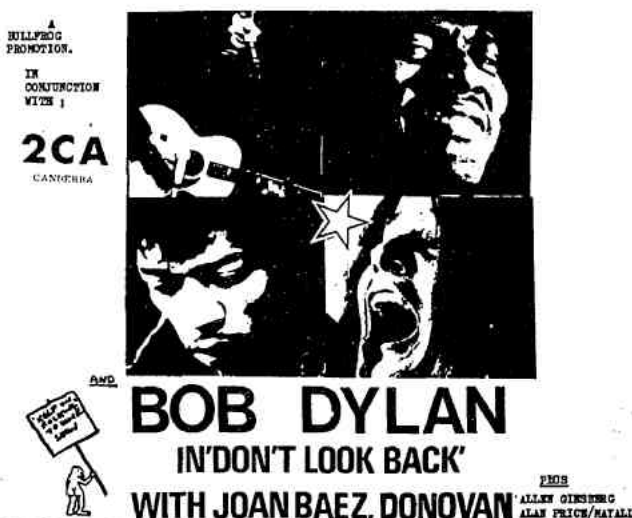
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"The mind requires quietness. You want a quietness that is perpetual and everlasting. The right way is the normal and natural way, and that involves knowledge. Quietness is in you. If you take the knowledge you can find it."
— Guru Maharaj Ji
If you wish to hear more about Guru Maharaj Ji's Knowledge, please contact: **DIVINE LIGHT MISSION**
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Free meetings every evening 7.30 p.m.

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Clayton Kopp - The Who - Jefferson Airplane - Grateful Dead - Country Joe & The Fish - Hugh Fossella - Ravi Shankar



BOB DYLAN IN 'DON'T LOOK BACK'

WITH JOAN BAEZ, DONOVAN

ALBERT HALL, CANBERRA.
MAY 31st. TO JUNE 2nd AT 8:00 P.M.
TICKETS IN ADVANCE FROM: (SEE LISTING FOR DETAILS) (SEE LISTING FOR DETAILS)

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10% Discount To Students with I.D. Cards.
Check our prices for: Toothpaste, Deodorants, Soaps, etc.
We stock all quality toiletries including: Revlon, Yardley, Steiner, Ewelax, Outdoor Girl, Perfumery.
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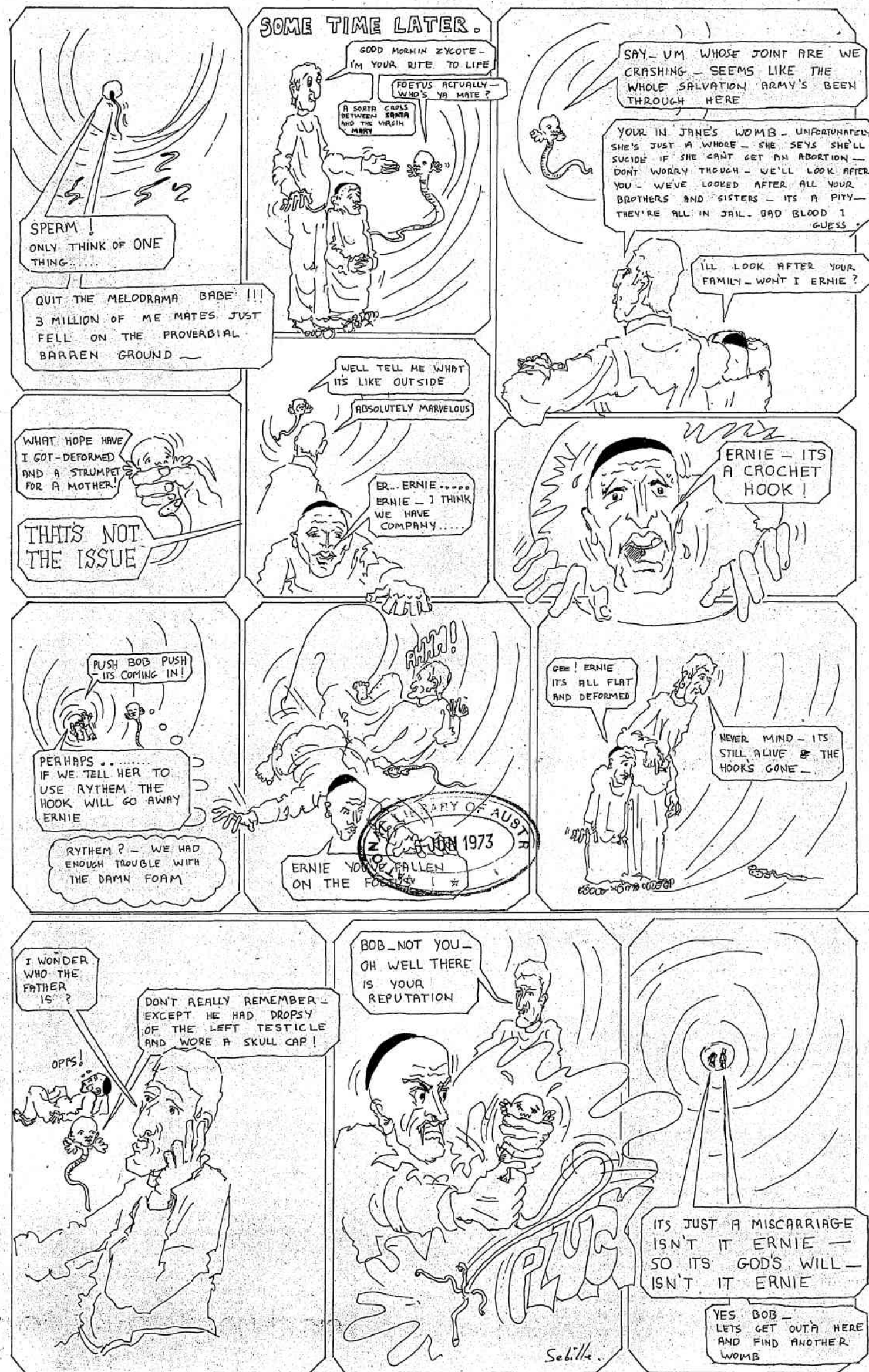
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Crochet & Crumpets



NCHUNDERRA News

"All the news for misfits — the paper you can thrust"

Phone 487818
No. 96

Twenty cents
Friday, May 9, 1973



Dr F. Ugguid, ACT Psychiatric Services,

"If you'd sat up with as many suicide cases as I have".....

IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE

with MAURICE DUNLEVY

drug scandal!

Canberra has now inherited the last stigma of modern cities. It has developed a drug problem.

A spokesman for the ACT Psychiatric Service, Dr F. Ugguid, said today that the high concentration of public servants in the city was the core of the problem, "these people have a lot of money and a lot of time. All they have to do with their time is to sit around and get high. Years ago Canberra had the highest per capita beer consumption rate in Australia. Now I believe this could be said with respect to drugs."

When pressed as to the source of supply of drugs in Canberra, Dr Ugguid barely managed a grin and

stated that he could make no comment at this stage.

However investigations by this newspaper ascertained that drug supply in Canberra is a highly organised and efficient organisation. It is alleged that each department is an acknowledged territory and it is alleged that each has its own permanent pusher head.

Still it is just as true to say that pot is sold openly in the Parliamentary Bar than as to say that LSD is made at the CSIRO.

Prices of drugs in Canberra are now equivalent in quality and price as those being sold in Sydney. It is believed that the price equilibrium is a direct result of Commonwealth Public Ser-

vice pressure on the Askin Government forcing NSW to drop the \$5 per ton freight surcharge to Canberra earlier this year.

Obviously this can only mean many more tons of hard drugs being transported to the Nations Capital.

It is high time that police authorities took a determined stance against the drug menace in this city.

Soon public servants may be offering drugs to innocent university and high school students. Shall we stand by and watch the moral fibre of our country's youth destroyed?

This paper thinks not.

BIG ABORTION

WARNING!
Not for sale
to minors

JERUSALEM, Good Friday, AAP — a man claiming to be the Son of God and King of the Jews was executed this afternoon on crimes of high treason and collaboration with the enemy.

Mr Jesus Christ, believed to be 33, of Nazareth, a carpenter, was crucified before a jeering crowd at about three thirty this afternoon, having been hung between two thieves.

Earlier in the day, a military court had been told that Mr Christ had openly advocated peace, friendly relations with this troubled country's neighbours, and had deluded several thousand people into believing that he was the king of the Jews. At the same time, the court was told, he had denied the powers of the Israeli Government, and by his seditious talk had hindered Israel's holy war against the Arabs.

The military governor of Jerusalem, General Pontius Pilate, (the head of the occupying US Army) at first resisted demands by angry Jews for Mr Christ's punishment, but a large crowd of university students and young workers, who had surrounded the army barracks where Mr Christ was on trial, eventually succeeded in getting him to change his mind.

Principal charges against the man were laid by the Israeli Cabinet. The prosecutor alleged that Mr Christ had caused a currency crisis by expressing doubts about the value of the US dollar, legal tender in Israel.

Shown an amount of the currency, Mr Christ was alleged to have asked whose portrait was contained on the notes. Told that it was Mr Nixon's, Mr Christ is alleged to have said: "Well, Nixon can have it then. I'd rather have gold".

(Earlier reports of this incident had contained a typographical error, substituting the word "god" for "gold".)

Mr Christ was also alleged to have effectively sabotaged the baking and fishing industries, (two key Israeli industries), by distributing free, food obtained from unknown foreign sources.

It was suggested that the food, which was distributed at a demonstration of five thousand, was obtained from the Syrian Government. Mr Christ claimed that he had obtained them from a small boy.

Mr Christ was also alleged to have promoted peace, and a friendly attitude towards Israel's neighbours, which, as the court was told, are sworn opponents of the present regime.

The court was told that Mr Christ told tales about a "good Egyptian", who looked after and cared for an Israeli who had been attacked by bandits, after several Israelis had walked past the wounded man.

The object of this fable, the prosecutor suggested was to denigrate the Israeli system, and promote the idea that the Egyptians were good people, while Israelis were cold and heartless.

Besides being manifestly untrue, the prosecutor said, this tale gave aid and comfort to those who claimed that the Israelis had been less than perfect in their handling of the problem of the relocation of the Palestinians, who had foolishly believed that the land of Israel belonged to them.

An extraordinary incident during the trial occurred while Mr Christ was being cross examined to determine whether or not he was insane. (It had been suggested that Mr Christ was suffering from schizophrenic delusions of two personalities, sometimes also claiming to be God.) Asked if he was, as he claimed the Son of God, Mr Christ said: "You said it, brother".

However this defence of insanity failed when General Pilate held that Mr Christ was perfectly sane. He intended to release Mr Christ with a strong caution, and a bit of a whipping, but an angry crowd of militant Zionists demanded his death, and General Pilate acceded to their demands.

Mr Christ was executed between two thieves before a large crowd, mostly jeers. A small number of Mr Christ's followers (including a moneylender, a prostitute, Mr Christ's mother (unmarried) several homosexuals, and a number of men who were being pursued by their wives for maintenance, having taken up Mr Christ's command to drop everything and follow him) followed also and took down Mr Christ's body after the execution.

Because of Mr Christ's claims that he would come to life again, a strong contingent of soldiers are guarding his tomb to prevent his followers from stealing the body.

In London, a spokesman for Amnesty International, Mr Theodore Herzl, said that the case had been examined by his organisation, but no fault had been found with the conduct of the case.

Vatican City, Friday. A strong protest against the execution of Mr Christ lodged by the Pope yesterday. The Pope was reported in L'Observatore Romano as saying that Mr Christ was basically a harmless fellow, who had played a useful role in his organisation's fundraising activities.

NIXON MAY TELL

Under high security precautions, President Nixon was re-admitted to the Walter Reed Hospital yesterday afternoon — suffering from a badly broken finger.

The painful injury is believed to have been caused by a sharp kick up the arse by the Senate Watergate Committee.

Administered yesterday by the Chairman of the inquiry, Senator Irvin, the injury had broken Mr Nixon's finger at the hilt, or the knuckle as it is more familiarly known, the President's spokesman, Mr. Wrong Zeeimlyng, said today.

However, earlier medical worries about a severe case of haemorrhoids had been

(continued on page 97)



Nixon — bum accident leads to broken finger

AT THE AIRPORT

WITH NELL TRANSVESTITE

Two Talk of Sailors
Two American Biology Professors who have handed out sophisticated hot tips to Eskimos and Hawaiian islanders left Canberra today.

Professor Brian Screw, 96, and Professor Dip Wick, are both from Berkeley campus.

They left for New Zealand, after visiting Ethiopia, Burma, British Guinea and more recently Dubai.

"We work with sailors on the docks, at sea, in the waterfront bars and, if possible, in the intimacy of their own homes," Professor Wick said.

"Encouraging fishermen to keep clean records and to use better methods about their business are also included in our program."

Both men said they were impressed with the good work being done by State and Federal bodies in Australia to make people aware of sailor pollution.

"In America, the real facts of self pollution are often clouded by peoples emotion," Professor Screw said.

Gone For Good

After six months in Canberra with their ten children, it was time Seontod and Giovanni Hilyiananelli to say arrivederci this morning.

At Canberra airport this morning were Areneo, Ermedeo, Frankio, Laigiana, Guiseppiha, Richarina, Roberto, Jackiania, Maria and Christianeo and all their respective families to farwell Seontod and Giovanni.

"They have gone home for good."



The Hilyiananelli family at the airport this morning

OFF TO SEE THE WORLD

Bob Santamaria, 53, of Riverside Ave, North Balwyn, Melbourne, flew through Canberra today on the first stage of a round the world trip expected to take sixteen years.

He has been working as a mouthpiece for the Liberal Party for the last thirty years and hopes to get some sort of work while on his world travels.

I can stop and stay where I like, but I think I may stay longest with an old Italian friend, Paul Pope, who has been kind enough to pay me to keep my mouth open for some years," he said.

While away Bob would like to make some friends.

Mountain Phallacy

Who is hanging by the balls from the top of Black Mountain's new 650' pillarbox?

Well first of all there's Sir Warwick Fairfats, the Canberra Crimes and News and CTC7 who spew out the PMG public relations stunts and refuses to air the dirty linen except from inside the Black Mountain pillar box. Then there's our friends that environment conscious, people's government who are so concerned with cabinet solid-

arity that, in a condition of inflation, they want to spend \$6 million on a monstrosity rather than \$2 million on a simpler project which gives exactly the same service. Cabinet solidarity comes in because the new PMG Minister wants his own great big pillar box — the liberal minister didn't have it — 650' feet high and in beautiful orange and black squares and with room for lots of expensive tourists to be handled. So they put out a little booklet they call an "Environmental Impact Statement" which is really a pack of lies in the form of a PMG Public relations. I'll show you mine if you show me yours exercise. Then they pretend to listen to "concerned citizens" and yet they can't hear because they are inside the pillar box with our friendly PMG Minister.

Then they do the nice thing and allow, under certain conditions which destroy the case, the Canberra Citizens to spend \$10,000 to go to court. But not before they have delayed long enough to try and make things legal. Then they help to fight the Canberra Citizens case.

Then the final flag on the pillar box is the Canberra Citizen's committee who are labour party academics who don't have the brains to see that the only answer is to blow up the pillar box and the labour party government within it. You can't do one without the other!

LIQUOR LENIENCE

Last night the ACT Advisory Council approved several amendments to the ACT Liquor Ordinance.

The major alteration is to section 57B which pertains to the hours that hotels may open their doors. From August 13th hotels will be open from 8 am till 2 am on Mondays to Saturdays but will be closed Sundays from 2 am.

Opposition to more liberal hours of opening came from several sources. Public Service appointees to the Council argued strongly that Public Servants need at least six hours a night sleep, but thought that it was reasonable to allow the worker a few beers before the 8.30 am start of work.

Closing of hotels on Sundays was moved by the more reactionary members of the Council. A religious infiltration headed by catholic Archbishop "Tom the Cheap" Cahill used several members of the Council to persuasively insist that Sunday was a day of rest and religious indulgence. A Seventh Day Adventist, in the public gallery, pointed out that his day of rest was on Saturday, but he was solidly shouted down by several of the more inebriated Councillors.

Another amendment to the Ordinance was to allow a hotel to be built in the Fyshwick area to enable



"I oppose extended liquor hours", the chairman of the Businessmen for the election of Gordon Taylor for Senator, Mr Patrick Sore said today.

workers in the local industries to take advantage of the Governments Liquor Excise. It was also pointed out by a member of the ACT police force on the Council that there were no public conveniences in Fyshwick and that urinating in public is a criminal offence; construction of a hotel in the area would enable people to go and have a piss on the side.

Dr F. Uggwid from the ACT Psychiatric Services expressed several misgivings about the amendments when asked for a comment this morning. He said, "I don't consider the new arrangements to be fair to the medical profession, doctors such as myself already work at all hours of the day, and night. The more liberal hours will mean more money to us due to car accidents and other alcoholic mishaps but then again the only day we can really stay at home with the wife and kids and get drunk is Sunday."

Ephesians that those who believed in Jesus were sealed with the promised Holy Spirit, which is the guarantee of our inheritance until we acquire possession of it" — Eph. 1:13-14. Note this verse speaks of an inheritance provided in God's plan for those who believe in Christ. This inheritance is the Kingdom of God for which Jesus taught us to pray when we say, Thy Kingdom come, Thy

will be done in earth as it is in heaven

The return of the Jews to Jerusalem, the present troubled times and the soon coming of the Messiah (Jesus) are all part of God's plan to establish His Kingdom on earth. We should also note that profession of belief in Christ is not sufficient to enter this Kingdom but our believing must be sealed by the Holy Spirit, here called the guarantee of God.



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Mini Cards \$2.00 box of 25 (8c single)
Note Cards \$1.25 box of 10 (12c single)
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Gift Packs \$4.50

Available: L. Morris, 166 Garran Hall and Union Shop

5 boxes can buy 45 hacksaw blades for manual arts training.

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FRAUD PROBE

BUSINESSMEN WORRIED

by Police Roundsman Heave Horrors



Mr Croker (right) receiving his receipt for his Foundation for Idle Advisory Councillors ticket from the Chairman of the Australia-Switzerland Friendship Society, Major Idi Amin.

CANBERRA POLICE ARE BELIEVED TO BE INVESTIGATING THE THEFT BY FRAUD OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN CANBERRA OVER THE PAST FIFTY YEARS.

Hundreds of Canberra businessmen are believed to have been involved, with the size of a business having a lot to do with the size of the fraud involved.

The fraud is believed to have been perpetrated by the pretence that employers, as the

owners of the capital involved in the business, were entitled to a surplus (generally called profit) from the enterprise. This money, police believe, rightly belongs to the employees, the producers of the goods and services from which these surpluses were derived.

The exact extent of each employer's liability was as yet unknown, the acting head of the ACT Fraud Squad, Sgt Vladimir Bernstein, said this morning.

It was known that in some businesses, these 'surpluses' ran up to 30% of turnover, but in most cases they were about 10% of the firm's

sales, he said.

People's courts, established by the new Socialist government, might well be filled up for years with these cheeky thieves, he said.

A spokesman for the Chamber of Commerce, Mr S. Wine, refused to comment last night. Met at the airport by

Mr Transvestite, Mr Wine said that he had no time to talk as he was late for his plane to Argentina. He was having a family reunion with the Chamber's patron, Mr A. Schicklgruber, former Chancellor of the German branch of his organization, he said.

LUCKY LOTTERY FOR SID! — SHOCK REPORT!

ON MONDAY MR SID CROKER OF ACTON BOUGHT A LOTTERY TICKET

He was one of 30,000 people in Canberra who did. Today, Mr Croker is one out of those 30,000.

"Acting on a hunch," Mr Croker said "I decided to go along to the drawing". "I had never bought a lottery ticket before, but I just had a feeling about this ticket I had bought".

"You see, I found this 55 cents lying in the urinal at the Union Bar, and I figured that this just had to be my lucky day. So I bought a lottery ticket with it, and called it Lucky Day".

Mr Croker was waiting outside the Garema Place toilets where the drawing of the winners was to take place at 11.30 am this morning. He arrived there at 11 pm on the Monday night, just after he had made his lucky find.

At about 11.35 (slightly late, Mr Croker noted) Mrs Earn Sultana, the chairman of the Foundation for Retired Advisory Councillors, which conducts the lottery as a means of gaining funds for usefully employing pensioned-off dragons by giving them jobs as factotems for youth clubs that, if they are ever built, none will ever go to, arrived for the drawing.

With a solemn flourish the first marble was drawn out. This was to entitle the winner to a week's free accommodation in the Hotel Civic, plus fifty cents spending money.

Mr Croker held his breath. But it was not him. It was Mr Black Sharker of O'Malley who had one this enviable prize. (Unfortunately Mr

Sharker was not available for comment today to receive news of his lucky win.)

The second prize (two weeks free accommodation at the Coachhouse Hotel, Narrabundah plus 25 cents spending money) was also not him.

Not was the third, nor the fourth.

Mr Croker did not gain a mention out of the 2000 prizes drawn. But he is still marvelling at his good fortune.

"It's lucky that I don't drink or smoke", Mr Croker noted.

"But if I have any more such windfalls, I might chance my luck again", he said.

By Garema Place Toilets Roundswoman Cutie Quince

MT. AINSLIE TOWER?

NCDC is understood to be planning a 593 feet tower with a revolving restaurant on Mount Ainslie to give balance to the proposed Black Mountain tower.

A spokesman for the NCDC, which originally opposed the Black Mountain tower construction, said that the new tower, if erected, would allow Walter Burley Griffin's plan for Canberra to be implemented with only a slight variation.

would no longer be in danger of becoming meaningless, by having a lopsided nipple on one of these breasts.

Short of removing one of the cancerous growth on one of these mountains, the only solution seemed to be to give each an adornment.

of similar design, will compete strongly with the PMG tower as a tourist attraction. So much so, the NCDC spokesman said, that the tower on Black Mountain would not attract anybody.

"With our plans to telecast blue movies from our tower, the TV aspect of Black Mountain may well be superseded," he said. "This will mean that those bastards will have to pull their fucking phallus down", he said.

"That will teach them to build something against our wishes."

It is not known if NCDC will remove their tower if this occurs.

As well, he said, the Aboriginal word Canberra, which means woman's breasts (ie Black Mountain and Mount Ainslie with the Canberra Plains running between)

BLUE MOVIES

It is understood that the new tower, which will be



The Rolling Stones Gimme Shelter

* LIKE AND TINA TURNER

PLUS THE CONCERT FOR BANGLA DESH
ERIC CLAPTON
BOB DYLAN BILLY PRESTON
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TUES. 7th, WED. 8th, THURS. 9th of AUGUST ONLY at 8p.m.

ALBERT HALL

"BOOK NOW" FROM MUSIC LOVERS, MALL. \$2.50 MAD ODDIES, MANUKA, INC. FREE

Screw swap a success

An area of Red Hill was stunned recently by allegations that the friendly neighbourhood is a hot-bed for organised wife swapping.

There were rumours of wild parties where husbands undressed each others' wives and indulged in unlimited sexual experiments.

Word had it that several dozen couples were involved on a regular basis and that membership in the "club" was growing as its activity became better known.

Most members were said to be in their 30s and 40s.

Some teenagers, however, were being introduced to the sex rites by their parents.

"It's a disgusting suggestion," said the local vicar.

"These are good god-fearing people. They are regular church-goers and support community projects".

The majority of those we interviewed gave similar denials, although a few suggested that some of the neighbourhood parties occasionally got a bit out of hand.

"But that happens every-

where from time to time," one told us. "After all, we're healthy broad-minded adults, and what happens at the odd bash is nobody else's concern."

One teenager, who also wanted to remain anonymous, was more forthcoming.

She said she was 17 years old and had been included in the orgy scene for the past six months.

"Everybody around here knows what's happening. Really, it's a question of getting into the club."

"It's a status thing."

"For a bird, it's great."

"You get balled by the best balls in the neighbourhood."

"They're experienced the they've got style, and you know they're clean."

She explained that she had been introduced to the club by her parents.

"Look, they knew it was about time I was going to get screwed, and reckoned I should get a proper first."

"I didn't bother to tell them my brother Peter had already put it to me on several occasions, and pretended to be unpunctured at the first party."



Budget Fight Is On

Special prayers will be said in St Christopher's Roman Catholic Cathedral tomorrow morning to coincide with the coming budget session in Federal Parliament.

Leading a service which is due to start at 11am will be three leading Catholic Archbishops — The Archbishop of Sydney, Cardinal James Freeman, The Archbishop of Melbourne, Cardinal James Knox, and the Archbishop of Canberra-Goulburn, Archbishop Thomas Cahill.

Attending the special "budget" service will be many prominent members of the DLP and Liberal Parties who will arrive in Canberra on several hundred buses and aircraft as a culmination to their intense campaign of protest against the Labour Government's inflationary economic policies.

Tomorrow will also see another intense lobbying from both sides of the budget fence.

continued on page 97)

Mr Nixon: My Fellow Americans, I have come before you today as a humble man. Let there be no mistake about it, what they did to Martyred Lohar King, what they did to Robert F. Charisma, what they did to John F. Charisma before him, Great Americans all, is not for a moment going to deter me from the great struggle which lies ahead. I will not be intimidated by extremists or militants or violent fanatics from bringing justice to those who were responsible for Watergate. I am not just talking about responsibility, I am talking about liability as well. As I have already said before, I accept the responsibility for the excesses of my subordinates and am determined to see them brought to justice. And let me make one thing perfectly clear, if ever there were people in this great country of ours who were disadvantaged, in the sense that they are utterly with representation in our national Government, it is not the blacks or the hippies or the Puerto Ricans or what have you, all of whom have their spokesmen, but those innocent men who are presently being crucified before our Senate.

I am not going to stand idly by and do nothing while good Americans are being kicked about by irresponsible Senators. I have said before that I accept the responsibility for the act-

(continued on page 79)

This gave me great charisma

My greatest moment was at a demonstration, I forget what for, where I drove my people into the police. I had the loud hailer and shouted out, "Peace, love, revolution, beat them pigs to the wall. What do we want?" I yelled to the crowd. They replied, "The pigs." "Where do we want them?" As one they screamed "On the wall." As one the ten of us moved and really creamed that pig and stuck him on the wall.

There are some marvellous newspaper cuttings of that one.

The old days are over now. It's no fun anymore to demonstrate — they are always beating us to the issues. Of course, corruption and incompetence are always there, but how can bumbling humans replace the monolithic capitalist plot? As the years passed, I began to realize that I would be earning \$15,000. What's this Labor Party doing, raising taxes, giving free health to the poor, cutting immigration — trying to ruin my Holden shares, eh, the bastards!

Ross Hohnen

Uni report: How it affects ACT

I was born the typical student ratbag — I stunk and had long hair from birth. My parents in sweet and kind middle suburbia brought me up by Dr Spock. I did very well at first, excellently toilet-trained, but I have never lost a certain fascination — really I am quite a poofter, well - hung and all, as advertised.

Anyway, you can understand that most people did not like me much at school. Fortunately Mummy and Daddy, being quite rich, sent me to a nice school where they did not let the horrid people in who would bash me up. Still, even at Melbourne Grammar (for it was there I went, though, God, I should not say so now) people tended to laugh at one's smells and at one's superior mind, or rather mine. So it was with immense relief that I reached university.

When I got there I realized that I might have to go to Vietnam and even die. This did not seem very nice — very dangerous indeed. If I did not go to

Vietnam there was always the chance that someone should think that I should get a job. This also did not seem very nice. The only alternative I had to save me from these evils was to make myself incapable of military service and unemployment. To do this I had to become a ratbag.

Talking to the large collection of long-haired poofta bastards that inhabited the university quickly set the criteria for ratbaggery. It was somewhat necessary to like yellow people, especially Viet Congs, to be a Communist, to know the latest on the hit parade, and absolutely essential to wear the right colour khaki and denims. It was also a good idea to smell a bit, to like the working class and to be planning the Revolution. We had a competition to see how many convictions we could get. I wasn't bad at this — in one week I got arrested for throwing a smoke bomb, abusive and obscene language, a minor drug conviction and for stealing call-up applications.



By Consumer Roundman
John Short

Canberra — Several companies have already indicated that the price of pork will have to go up as a result of the recent flow-on from the national wage decision granted to the ACT Police Force.

They said they would review prices in the next few months. Some said they had drafted new price lists in anticipation of police wages rising.

These would operate as soon as existing stock was depleted.

A senior executive with the Australian Union of Students said the wage de-

cision would place new pressure on student's culinary habits. He said: "We cannot possibly absorb these sort of increases."

"Students can no longer be financially guided by the old Chinese maxim that 'today's pig is tomorrow's bacon.'"

AUS produces ratbags pseudo intellectuals, pretentious politicians and a variety of other smallgoods. It has also a large interest in a weekly throwaway, National Poo, which is believed to be a communist front.

Pigs themselves were jubilant at the decision. Police Association Spokesman Sgt. Povta "Tubby" Basher, said in a statement released this morning, "At this rate we should have 1984 in 1974. People are finally realising that the police force represents the thin blue line between civilized society and social anarchy and that we should be paid in accordance to our superiority complex."



Sgt Povta Basha at the police station this morning.

JACK STONE
QANTAS HOUSE

The spot for swinging nightlife



Three hundred and eighty ACT police died this morning when a bomb exploded in the Canberra Police Station.

The bomb is believed to have been a hoax.

CHRISTIAN RELIGION TO BE ABANDONED

Canberra — Disciples and followers of the religion known as "Christianity" have decided to drop all plans for further developing their unusual creed. Recent public opinion polls conducted in Ainslie, Acton and Aranda show a heavy "No" response to the new idea.

Of those polled, 73% were opposed to the Christian doctrine; only 9% were in favor; and 18% had "no opinion". In view of the public reaction, leaders of the Christian faith now feel there is no hope that their ideas will ever win wide acceptance.

WILD NIGHT AT THE CONVENT

Sydney AUP — A convent of nuns were brutally raped, bashed, scratched, threatened, wounded, assaulted, teased, defrocked, whipped, flogged, lacerated, bruised and tortured in a prestigious Girls' School in Redfern last night.

They were scourged, beset, injured, assailed, pelted, attacked, raided, belted, cudgelled, clubbed, beaten, cleaved cut, torn, riven and split.

A spokesman for the convent said that just after vespers, 97 sex-crazed, drug-addicted, homosexual pimps had entered the convent and proceeded to do so.

A police spokesman refused to comment.

NSW HAS MANGY HEAD OF STATE

Sydney—AUP — The Premier of NSW, Sir Robin Askin, is reported to be suffering from mange and has been admitted to hospital for an operation.

With a man of such advanced senility as Sir Robin, mange commonly causes the head to fall into the patient's body. Fortunately however, doctors are now able to deal with this dreaded disease by means of a simple operation whereby they, by means of a simple operation, the head is relocated on the shoulders and then braced by a metal framework which joins above the upper lip and which can be concealed by a false moustache.



Excavations being made at Parliament House for the Prime Minister, Mr Whitlam's new swimming pool. Mr Whitlam who has been described as large and particularly well hung, has found

the Lodge pool inadequate for his needs. In the interests of public modesty and Mr Whitlam's position and high office it is hoped that the height of the fence will be increased.



CHEAT EXPOSED

A five year old boy was expelled from his Sydney Kindergarten this morning for cheating in his Sandpit Theory exam.

The boy, Peter Wilson, of Redfern, admitted having asked another boy how deep a good moat should be, according to teachers.

Asked if they thought their action a little drastic the teachers said that Peter had been a troublesome student for some time.

"He was already on his second and last chance" his headmistress said.

"About six months ago we caught him stealing Jack's toys; and we told him that any more trouble would mean his expulsion" she said.

Mr Wilson refused to comment to reporters this morning.

LONDON, July 21, AAP—REUTER — The Press Officer for the Guru Maharaj Ji, the 15-year-old leader of an Indian-based religious sect, is unhappy that the British Press has suggested that the Guru is tubby.

The Press Officer made the following release today:

"Guru Maharaj Ji ain't heavy — he's light. False information on Guru Maharaj Ji's weight has been taken up by many papers. He is in fact nine stone. Please do not keep saying he is 13 stone. Anyone who has seen the Lord will tell you he doesn't waddle — he glides."

The chubby-looking Guru, whose followers worship him as the incarnation of divinity, is in London following a three-day "summer celebration of love and light" attended by 15,000 people from Europe and North America.

ABNORMAL CHILD

KATMANDU, July 21, AAP — A child with four heads, one hand and one leg was born to a 21-year-old woman of Phullot Doti, a village situated 245 kilometres (150 miles) from here yesterday, it was reported today, AFP said.

The child, whom orthodox Hindus believe was an incarnation of Lord Brahma — a four faced God of Hindu mythology, lived only for two hours. The mother died after six days of labour.

HUSBAND ROOTING WIFE RELUCTANTLY

Cleveland, July 30, — RIP — At least one, and probably the only, person rooting Billie Jean King when she faces hustler Bobby Riggs in a 100,000 dollar (70,500 dollar) tennis match later this year says she should have declined the challenge, the associated press reported.

That's Mr King — Billie Jean's husband of eight years, Larry.

"I don't think she should play Bobby, and I told her so," Mr King said. He was in Cleveland to announce draft rounds in the newly formed world team Tennis League, of which he's a co-founder.

"There's little to be gained from this from a women's tennis standpoint," he said, "the only argument this answers is fallacious."

"This just clouds the issue. It could be possible setback for women's tennis. It's a downright risk. It has nothing to do with winning or losing," he said.

Betty Sue: Don't come home. Your mother is ecstatic. I feel free for the first time in 20 years. Will pay you and your creep boyfriend \$25 per week to stay and rot in San Francisco. Dad



Probationary Constable G O'Blond of Duffy is having a chat with his mates at the Croatian demonstration today. What a jolly time reminiscing about the best

way to crack commies heads. His mate was just chatting about life in Haveraska when some spoilsport spat at both of them. But O'Blond thinks it's funny, he's going to jug him.

JACK STONE
Qantas House
Canberra

FULLY INTERNATIONAL

EDITORIAL

Well, it took 1 issue to get on top of the counter, and the response to the "News" has been unbelievable. We sold 8,500 within the city and Kings Cross on Thursday and Friday alone.

The "News" is the only SEX tabloid available in Australia which is COMPLETELY NON-POLITICAL!

The "News" will at all times continue with a policy of refraining from placing provocative photos on the covers (front and back) thereby keeping the risk of the "News" being of interest to minors. I believe that sellers and distributors of the "News" will endeavour to police my strong convictions that the publication shall not be available to minors, therefore keeping complaints from parents at a minimum.

If you have any problems in obtaining or are dissatisfied with the products that you have ordered from any of the Australian distributors of sexual products and aids to please, let me know personally, as I aim to rid the Australian market of these profit-hungry, fucking lousy smut peddlers.

All the advertisers in the "News" have been double-checked and their material is of first-class quality.

J. Growford, Ed.

5 CHILDREN DIE

Scientist works on Death Ray: Recently a young scientist quit research into laser technology at Adelaide University because he said his work was being used to develop a super death-ray that would make the H.bomb obsolete. The UK and USA have been working on this death-ray for some time. Much scripture speaks of great destruction at the end of this age, e.g.:

When people say 'There is peace and security', then sudden destruction will come upon them - and there will be no escape. - 1 Thess. 5:3

Brezhnev and Nixon Summit: The question is, "Can we entrust our future to these men and other world leaders?" Revelations from Watergate tell of corruption throughout Nixon's administration. Newsweek magazine recently featured an article reporting similar corruption in many countries: The Bible comment is from Isaiah 24:

For the treacherous dealers deal treacherously, the treacherous deal very treacherously. - Is. 24:16. The Bible tells the truth which is concealed behind public relations (deceptions) pictures of smiling, hand shaking world leaders.

Does God have a Plan? If we cannot (and we cannot) trust world leaders, where can we look for guidance and security? The Bible states - Known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world - Acts 15:1. This verse means God has a plan for the world. The following item illustrates this.

Jerusalem, a key to understanding prophecy: Jerusalem has been over-run by enemies many times, but always this has been foretold by the prophets. Jesus prophesied the overthrow

of the Jews, their scattering throughout the world and subsequent return to their homeland, in these words: They (the Jews) will fall by the edge of the sword, and be led captive among all nations; and Jerusalem will be trodden down by Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled. - Luke 21:24

These words were fulfilled when the Romans destroyed the Jewish nation in AD 70 and for centuries the Jew has been without a home, but now Jerusalem is free from Gentile rule and the Jew is no longer a wanderer amongst the nations. After this event Jesus speaks of very troubled times on earth and then His own personal, powerful return to earth. Read it yourself in Luke 21.

There can be no doubt that definite time periods are spoken of in the above quotation, the Bible contains a plan, God has a timetable, and only the wilfully blind will deny this in the light of the foregoing. You will hear much more of Bible prophecy at the Canberra Revival Centre. Most prophetic talks are illustrated with colored slides, e.g. on Sunday, July 29 at 7 pm an illustrated address will be given on the "Return of the Jews", many slides will be shown, some of medallions struck by the Israelis to commemorate fulfilment of God's promises and boldly proclaiming the advent of the Messiah. All are welcome.

It is of great interest that the Orthodox Jews should be looking for the "Messiah" whom their forefathers rejected and crucified. When Christ (the Messiah) returns He will have nail-prints in His hands and feet, and the prophecy of Zechariah shall be fulfilled, When they look on Him whom they have pierced - Zech. 12:10

What these irreverent songsters are referring to is the fact, recently established in the New York Times, that Jack Kennedy was, for some of his Presidential career, a speedfreak. He received his copious doses from Dr Max Jacobson (Magic Max to his many friends). It seems that when Kennedy was on his way to that first tryst with Khrushchev in Vienna he felt nervous, expressing private fears that 'he wasn't up to the occasion'.

The other known occasion on which Magic Max crossed needles with greatness was just before Kennedy was due to address the UN on disarmament, also in 1961. Once again Jack decided that there wasn't enough oil in the crankcase, and whistled up the doctor. Let Magic Max take up the story: 'I said, Mr President, what I'm going to do hasn't been done before' and gave him a shot in the neck over the voice box. Five minutes later he could speak very clearly. 'Ho ho: clear indeed. Actually what came out of the President's voice box was a manic gable, which had to be re-translated into English by officials who let it be known that he had been talking in Latin to express his solidarity with the Pope.

Magic Max is not shy of his great association. He carries a PT 109 insignia as his tieclip and when people say why, he repostes 'Do you know where I got this. I worked with the Kennedys. I travelled with the Kennedys. I treated the Kennedys. Jack Kennedy, Jacqueline. They never could have made it without me. They gave me this in gratitude.

These are famous days for Magic Max. The New York Times has just done him the honour of a year-long investigation, manned by 11 journalists. He is also under investigation by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, the FBI, the Inland Revenue Service, the AMA, the New York Drug Squad, and numerous private parties, including Tennessee Williams' brother.

The substance, as they say of the allegations is that Max runs a surgery which is nothing much better than a shoot-up parlour where the rich and famous in need of a blast can get just that. For many years clients who have popped by for a little Vitamin B-12, or

There's a fine new song the boys are singing on the streets of New York. It goes like this:

Took a trip to Vienna,
Got a neck full of speed,
in the course of the day
I met Mr K.

Who said you're an odd chap indeed

(Chorus: Oh you know it ain't easy etc).



Magic Max was hastily summoned, and before you could say Ouch had rammed Jack full of amphetamine. The rest is history. (For those who can't remember their history, JFK put up a rotten performance in Vienna, capitulating to Mr K on every front, shouting 'peace, tovarich' and flashing the V sign at every pause in the conversation. He had to hurry back and organise the Bay of Pigs invasion to bolster up his ego.)

of fashion, who was getting up to 4000 pounds a time for his fashion pictures at the height of his career.

an anti-tetanus shot have found themselves experiencing 'amazing' reactions. Said Otto Preminger, 'I was a patient of his for a short time. He gave me shots. I don't know what was in them, but they made me feel terrible. It was one of the most fearful experiences of my life that I'd never go again.' The late Cecil B de Mille was another patient of Max. But a satisfied one. He even took Max along to Egypt when he was making the Ten Commandments. Apparently he liked to take his milligrammes on board, get high and then have God shout at him out of the thundercloud.

Eddie Fisher was another enthusiast. He did not like to open an act in Hollywood or Las Vegas without having Max in the aisles with a couple of ampoules at the ready. There's a photograph of Fisher in Max's dining room; written across it the touching words, 'He's still my God'.

Truman Capote was yet another victim. Little Truman hurried in and got his hab, experienced 'amazing' reactions and then collapsed. He says he thought he was getting vitamin shots. Tennessee Williams was a regular customer but could not take seriously enough Max's stern commands: not to drink at the same time. According to Max's assistant, 'Mr Williams came in with a bottle, can you imagine, and he was boozing it up in the patients' room, and I says to Max, 'He's drunk in there', and Max said throw him out, so I threw him out.' Tennessee got heavily addicted, and finally became a grave embarrassment to one and all; sinking to his knees on numerous occasions and making strange statements. His brother had him confined and still shudders at the dreadful convulsions that Tennessee experienced when drying out.

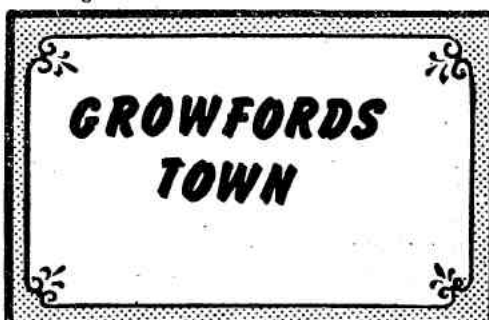
Centrepiece in the Max saga is the story of Bob Richardson, photographer

In 1963 a girl friend of Richardson told him of the guru doctor who injected his clients full of organic potions, 'which were extraordinarily good for your health and well being.'

Actually Max seems to have had a complete freak-out on the subject of experimentation. He told Kennedy and others that he was engaged in high level medical research, and that he had devised a way of rendering rocks health-giving through 'ultra-sonic bombardment'. He also claimed to have invented the first laser microscope in 1953; seven years before the official discovery of that instrument.

Max gets round the tricky point of why no one heard about his discovery by saying that his partner, whom he was no doubt treating, 'went completely insane', ran off with the device and 'has not been heard of since'.

Poor old Richardson finally went berserk, Max banished him full of Thorazine



Parliamentary friend advises me that the price of beer and tobacco will rise after the August budget. It's a pity that part of the staple public service diet will be subjugated to inflationary chaos.

Curses upon the Labour Government. I will as always, continue to vote Liberal - especially as the Liberals are a far funnier political act.

Keppel Earl Enderby is a man of changing tastes - he voted against the Black Mountain Tower in Cabinet, then authorised the allocation of part of the Mountain Reserve to be utilised for the Tower, then gave \$50 to the Save Black Mountain Fund. Ho Ho.

Keppel had better watch his step - it is believed he only won preselection for the 1972 elections by one vote, and he has developed many powerful opponents in local Labour circles.

The Black Mountain Tower Injunction Appeal has now reached \$9,000; \$12,000 is needed. Donations can be sent to PO Box 6, O'Connor, ACT.

It is believed that Mr Nichol, S.M., will soon be appointed head S.M.

French Company, Citra, is building the Parliament House extensions. Why don't the workers blow through from their job? Judging from the Situations Vacant column in this mornings paper many other positions are available in more satisfying jobs.

Since the recent chaos over French Testing a local car dealer has delayed delivery of French cars as student ruffians have a habit of kicking their side panels in.

Apology. Allegations of homosexuality previously contained in this column pertaining to Duntroon cadets are unreservedly incorrect. They are just good friends (despite bastardisation).

Sloshua Growford.

JACK STONE
Qantas House
Canberra

Students with uni cards
FREE admission Sunday - Thursday

Love loves love . . .



Anne photographed here at home in her glamorous 64-room residence on Windsor Heights. She uses eye-liner and makeup manufactured to personal specifications by Avon, wears tailor-made underwear by Berlei, and smokes Winfield brand fags.

SO FAR: Lt. Mark Phillips, the handsome young bachelor and lieutenant in the Queens Own Royal Mounted Fusiliers has been out riding many times with the beautiful Princess Anne. NOW READ ON

"Gee up, Stinker." Anne's clear voice broke onto the bright Spring afternoon, and the old grey dappled Maudling responded to the light twitch of her spriggle-stick and cantered off across the dew sparkled expanse of Shagwell Down.

This was Anne's own country. She knew every blade of grass, even the tiny mulflow-worts which grew in clusters along Hardcastle's Gallops. Little had she dreamed when she rode carefree as a child that one day she would ride down this self-same piece of earth with such a passion willing beneath her firm red canter-jacket.

Looking over her shoulder she saw the rugged outline of Mark, on Muggeridge, the chestnut Drogheda, thundering towards her, his tall frame standing upright, balanced perfectly across the jaunts of the stallion's steaming grillocks.

As he drew level, his hands tightened on the mulions, and the Arabian thoroughbred snorted impatiently.

"I say! Gosh!"

The sound of his voice awoke once again that deep aching which kept her sleepless in the small hours repeating incessantly the same question: Does he love me? Does he love me?

For a few minutes Mark and Anne rode silently together past Michelmore copse and down towards Bracey's Meadows.

Then he stopped and Anne brought Stinker to a halt with a gentle tug of her faddle-string. The late afternoon sun transformed her ash blonde hair into streaks of golden honey.

He was looking at her now intently. His square finely chiselled jaw framed a sensuous but manly mouth. He spoke.

"Well Anne, old girl, have we got time for a quick one?"

Her heart leaped like a two year old Poulson thoroughbred. Her cheeks seemed to burn in the shadow of her black velvet motley-cap.

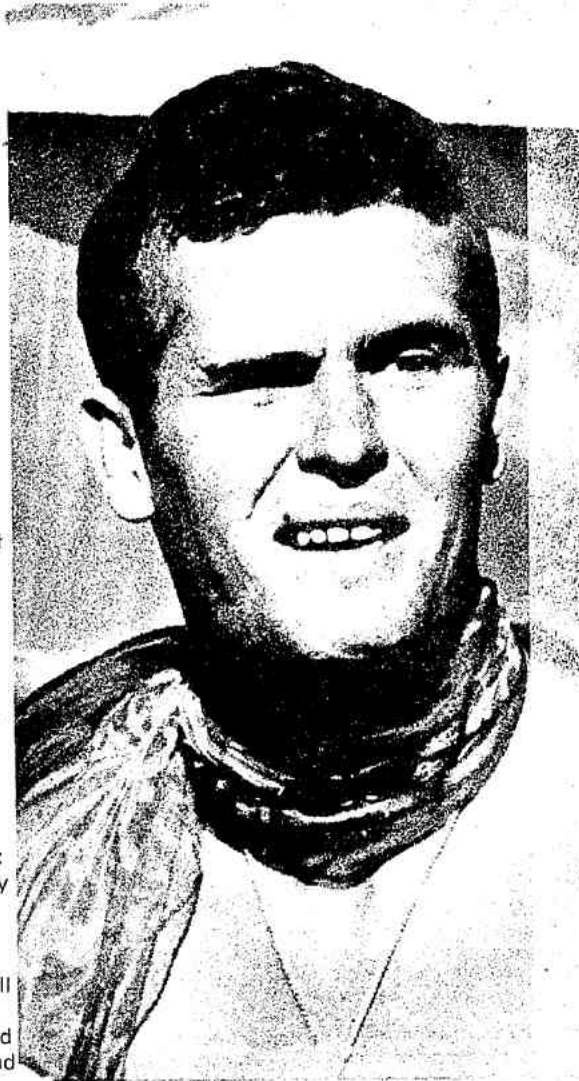
Then after what seemed an eternity, he spoke again: "Damn! I've left my bloody fags back at the stables."

A cold breath of wind blew suddenly across the gallops from beyond the tall elms of Dimpleby spinney. Anne shivered and buttoned her trench-ruff tightly round her perfectly-formed neck.

She knew he loved her.

Some inner sense had told her this. But when would he speak his love? This year? Next year?

Next week: Tea at Windsor



Mark flushed and invigorated after a hard afternoon's drinking with the boys. Will he make it? or will the demon finish him off first? Find out somewhere within the next few titillating episodes.

METHEDRINE MANIAC RAPE RAP RECORD

Cont. from page six.

one fine day, and when the next dawn came, Richardson was in hospital, in a straight jacket, suffering from acute amphetamine poisoning.

Actually he was lucky. Max's doses may have killed another photographer. This was Mark Shaw, Kennedy playmate. One time Jack Kennedy, Prince Radziwill and Shaw went on a 40 mile hike from Palm Beach. Magic Max was in close attendance. After 11 miles or so there were groans and moans from one and all: sore feet, bruised extremities, Max himself had already dropped out of the actual hike, but was trailing them in a golf kart, needle at the ready. Down went Radziwill into the middle distance like a greyhound. Then it was Jacks turn, and once again the genial jabber performed his wonder work. As Stash put it afterwards (3 weeks before Dallas),

"It was difficult to keep Dr Max from competing. As always he was everybody's good friend and insisted on treating everyone in sight."

It was just after this that another doctor who treated JFK took him on one side and 'made it very clear that I was not going to tolerate this, I said that if I ever heard that he took another shot, I'd make sure it was known. No president with his finger on the red button has any business taking stuff like that.' But the doctor added that he always suspected that JFK just couldn't kick the habit. (Other sources allege that one of the reasons the full autopsy reports were never released was that they would have revealed to a distressed public that the late President was a chronic speed freak.)

Back to Shaw: he finally croaked; from heart disease, according to Max: but hospital reports commented on the heavy, tracks on his arms, and the fact that his internal organs were loaded with methamphetamine.

The doctor's second line of defence is that Shaw died of a blow to the head, that caused him to vomit and then choke to death on it.

But despite these blotches on his past, all the evidence shows that Max is no mere commercial quack. His apartment is modest, and his sole desire the betterment of the human race. His major creed: 'Amphetamine is non-addictive.'

Max has had his own narrow brushes with the reaper. Some years ago, he gave himself an undiluted injection of Lincocin — an antibiotic that is meant to be mixed with a pint of water before intravenous administration. 'That laid him out for two or three months' says his close friend Dr. Weber. Max says it gave him time for reflection and a long awaited opportunity to 'get in touch with the infinite.'

Not merely the rich and famous are the objects of Max's tireless labours. Every now and then he holds what he calls 'an MS day'. On these occasions he treats

victims of multiple sclerosis, who hobble, limp, stagger and crawl to his surgery for aid. The technique is one patented by Max himself — the multiple injection technique.

This is how one visit went. In the waiting room are lined up the patients. In the surgery two vats, labelled Thiamine (cat food additive) and B2 A water collar contains, allegedly, a mixture of cranberry and apple juice. A middle aged woman hobbles painfully into the presence. Max crashes into action. Out comes a syringe, on with a needle, and he plugs down a bottle of yellow liquid. 'Better, than alcohol' he grins. Then Max pops the needle into SIX more bottles before the hypo is topped up and ready to go. Zap, into her hip. 'Do I measure the doses? No time for that. Then, jab, jab, jab, into her knees and neck. This pin-cushion technique he calls acupuncture. Then he takes out a vibrator, sticks a magnet on the end

and rubs it over her hands and feet. The woman says she feel ab-so-lu-tely terrific and skips out. It is the same with all the others. As many as twenty jabs, all over.

Still the shades of the law seem to be drawing round Max. The troublesome investigations have only just begun. And now so many people are lining up to get into his surgery that he needs an armed guard to get there himself. Worse still, the man in the White House has no need for his services. Nixon did have medical help for depression: but Trick is a traditionalist and went to a psychoanalyst, on Henry Kissinger's recommendation. The shrink was reputed to be heartbroken because the President's dreams were so boring that none of the papers would touch them.

Even so, Max should not be unhappy. He had his date with destiny. His proudest boast is still that even if Stalin nailed his doctors, old Max could still put it over JFK.

A three-woman, nine-man jury in Dallas, Texas, has sentenced a man to a record 2,500 years jail for raping and robbing a woman during the holdup of a hamburger stand.

Stephen Jay Caldwell, 22, got 1,500 years for raping the 20 year-old night relief manager and 1,000 years for taking four dollars from her purse.

Caldwell was one of the so-called "band-aid bandits" who have been indicted for seven other robberies. Another man also faces a rape charge in a separate incident.

Police said the two wore bandages across the bridges of their noses as a disguise during some of the robberies.

Andrew Saul:
Advertising Manager,
phone 492444

Jack Stone
Qantas House
Canberra

No cords or jeans, thanks



COME AGAIN!

Halberson's depression greeted him that morning like an avalanche of boulders. They roared down on him the moment he opened his eyes, first in ones and twos, then in massive agglomerations, driving him into his mattress, blocking his light, mashing his ribs, pressing his spine flatter than a two-day-old highway snake. He had been dreaming of kittens; they died beneath the crush with a fire-cracker stream of tiny screams. He was numb within seconds.

Somehow he forced his hand to the phone and dialed. "Help," he croaked.

With merciful haste, Henny Himenez arrived in his bedroom, hitched up her skirt and sat in his face. He sipped weakly at first, then with growing greed, as if from the warming rum keg of a St Bernard. Gradually, the boulders dissolved.

"Hey, lessten, man," Jenny told him as he dressed, "you can't keep callin' me like thees every mornin'." "Ees been two weeks now and I been late to work three times. Can' you just drink orange juice in the morning like ever'body else?"

"It's pretty wierd," agreed Halberson. "Wha doss your shreenk say?"

"Halberson, you're disgusting," said his shrink. "I'll bet you're the only man on the planet who needs cunnilingus to get up in the morning."

"I'm probably the only one in the history of the universe," muttered Halberson.

"Of course, it's only the latest manifestation of your overall insatiable need for sex." He leaned forward. "How many women this week?"

"Sixteen," said Halberson, very quietly.

"My God," whispered his shrink.

Halberson shifted miserably in the overstuffed armchair.

"It could be worse," he pointed out. "My father could have been run over by a bus on the way to the maternity hospital. Then I would have become a fag with an insatiable need for sex."

"That's probably true. But he didn't and you aren't. What you are is someone who didn't get any love from his mother and tries to make up the deficit with every woman he meets. You know what I wish? I wish you could go back and have intercourse with your mother. Then maybe you'd get the whole obsession out of your system."

"Hmmm," said Halberson. He took a crosstown bus to Larry Liebeskind's studio. Larry was the brother he'd once had three whole dates with.

He was into tachyons, photons, quantum mechanics, things like that. With the money he earned from producing weird light shows for rock 'n' roll ballrooms, he was constructing a faster than light drive for a starship. He believed that Earth was fucked beyond redemption and wished to leave.

"I want to go back in time," Halberson told him.

"In time for what?" Larry enquired.

"No, man, I mean I want to go back into the past. You know, a time machine."

"You're crazy," said Larry. "I'll see what I can do."

Halberson went home. In the next two days, he made it with a small-breasted seamstress, a gym teacher whose high-energy humps flung him about like a bronco-ider, an Australian virgin, a divorcee who tasted like horseradish, and a daughter of a San Fran-

cisco police chief. It was hard for him to cut down like this, but he needed time to think.

Halberson didn't like being neurotic, which, he felt, was like being a self-made nigger without the compensation of natural rhythm. His dependency on women was getting him down. Increasingly, his sexual liaisons were not satisfying him. Oh, they were fine while they were going down, but half an hour later he'd be hungry again. While this was especially true of Oriental women, it applied as well to all colours and creeds. His shrink's thesis about his mother had struck him as very interesting, perhaps the key to the solution of his entire problem. Now, if only Larry could come through...

The call, when it came, was brief. "Get your ass over here, man. I think I've got it."

Halberson found Larry's studio pulsing with an eerie violet light. In the centre of the room was a gleaming metal cylinder the height of two men. Electricity twined its sides like jagged yellow worms, humming and crackling. The air was sharp with ozone. Larry, in face mask and insulated gloves, was welding closed the cylinder's seam. Sparks showered to the stone floor, bouncing about his feet like bright BB's.

"Fantastic!" exclaimed Halberson. "You know, that's exactly what I thought a time machine would look like."

"No, man," said Larry, cutting his torch and flipping his mask. "This is a light show for the Family Bug. That's the time machine." He indicated a boring metal box on a workbench.

"Oh," said Halberson. He walked over to inspect it. The box's surface was lustreless black, without feature except for two dials, a red button, and a carrier grip like the handle of a suitcase. It was about the size of a bread box.

"It used to be a bread box", said Larry. "I put some various kinds of shit inside, messed around a little, and I think it ought to work. This dial controls location. You've got to find the exact co-ordinates of where you're going and set it like this." He manipulated hair-thin lines around a fine circle of numbers. "And this

one controls year and month. And the button activates it?"

"Right. But listen, the time control is approximate. I can't promise you'll arrive exactly when you want. Also, you can only use the machine once. The box stays behind when you return."

"That's cool," Halberson stood up to leave.

"One other thing. If my calculations are correct, you're not going to remember a thing about it when you get back. All in all, it's a pretty risky proposition. Why do you want to go back in time so badly, anyway?"

"I can't get up in the morning without having cunnilingus with a Puerto Rican woman," Halberson explained.

"I can dig that," said Larry. "Well, that'll be five bucks for parts."

Halberson returned to his apartment. He placed the time machine on his desk, cancelled three dates he had made for that evening, showered, shaved, and brushed his teeth. He became worried briefly when he noticed his shoulder-length hair in the mirror. He might be thought a little weird with it back in the past. Then he realized all he need do was transport himself directly back to his parents' apartment. He'd tell his mother he'd had a job posing for Bible illustrations or something.

Now he sat before the black box and set the dials. He set the time control for 1939, three years prior to his birth. He had no great relish in the idea of running into his own infant self. Furthermore, his father, a musician, had been on the road much of that year. He didn't want to confront that son-of-a-bitch either.

He had a terrible thought then. What if he knocked his mother up? He might never be born, or have to grow up with an older brother who was his own son. The ramifications were beginning to make him nervous. Hands sweating, he hurried to the medicine cabinet and secured a prophylactic. Then, before he could think of any more problems, he grabbed the black box by the handle and pushed the button.



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There was no sense of transition. He blinked his eyes, and when he opened them he was in the parlor of his parent's apartment. His stomach thudded with recognition. There was the coffee table, there the lamp with the Tiffany shade, there the Persian rug upon whose loops and swirls he had crawled for endless hours as a babe. Everything was so small! A sudden dizziness took him and he sat down hard on the sofa.

Outside there was darkness. He had no idea of the time. Almost before he realized it, he found himself turning to the end table beside the sofa. Sure enough, there was the clock he would break at age four, clamy ticking, unaware that it's death lay a mere seven years in the future. The dial read two-o'clock.

Something cracked beneath him. He pulled it out — a newspaper. "GERMAN ARMOR RACING TOWARD KIEV", said the headline.

German armor? Halberson felt a second thud in his stomach. The war shouldn't even have started yet. Swallowing, he squinted in the darkness to read the date.

It was July 17, 1941.

With an extreme exertion of will, Halberson calmed himself. It was still nine months before his birth, nothing to worry about on that account. He could still do what he had set out to do. He stood up a little shakily and crept into his parents' bedroom.

Gradually, his eyes adjusted to the deeper gloom, picking out the dressing table with the rows of perfume bottles, the framed photograph of the black-and-white cat, the two single beds separated by the night table, and . . . good God, his father! His father was home!

Halberson leaned weakly against the wall. He considered the whole plan. The time traveller was still in his hands. All he had to do was press the button and he'd be home in the future, maybe call a few girls . . . not that was the thing he'd come here to stop doing. But how could he . . .

Suddenly his mother rolled on her back and Halberson saw her face. Instantly, he forgot everything. Her face . . . that face . . . Primal emotions thudded in him like body-blows from a good heavyweight. His stomach thrashed like a fish in a net. Without conscious control, his hands stripped off his clothes. Glancing down, he found himself so erect he appeared about to blast from his own body like a V-2. With the last shred of presence of mind, he rolled the prophylactic onto himself, then covered the distance to his mother's bed in three-quarters of a second and slid in beside her.

A lock of hair had fallen across one of her eyes. Scarcely daring to breathe, Halberson rolled down the sheet. And it was there! All the remembered ripeness, the lushness that had tantalized his dreams, it was real! Unbidden, his hand trembled forward and began to touch things.

His mother made a half-awake noise and rolled her back to him. "Not tonight, I told you, Paul," she murmured. "I still have that awful headache."

But Halberson hadn't come as far as this to stop now. Calling into play every fondle of experience, every tickle of skill, he began to caress his mother with great urgency. As he molded his front against her back, his rubberoid-encased member clove between her warm, soft thighs like a knife through butter.

"Paul, I said . . ." Her breath caught suddenly in her throat. "Oh. Oh. Paul, you never . . . oh, my God!" She expelled her breath in a rush and her body began to undulate. "At last!" thought Halber-



son wildly. "At last, at last, at last!" And he plunged the residence of his neurosis a full ten inches into his mother's pulsing vagina.

"SNORK!"

Snork? With a sudden profound sense of dread, Halberson slowly turned his head to look behind him. His father was sitting up in bed! In his sleep-aid mask, he looked like a panelist on a TV game show.

"Nancy? Are you having a bad dream?" A note of eagerness entered his voice. "Shall I get in bed with you?"

Halberson thought fast. His mother, moaning and sighing, was beyond all hearing. He would have to answer.

"I told you not tonight, Paul," he said in a strained falsetto. "I've still got my headache."

"Aw, Jesus Christ, Nancy, you've had that headache for two weeks now. Come on."

Halberson tried to answer but could not. His mother's accelerating wriggles were tossing him about too wildly. So his father crawled into bed beside him and began to stroke his head.

"Oh, Nancy, your hair is so soft," his father said hoarsely. "Uh, thanks," Halberson managed.

Then, with a short, choked-off scream, his mother came. Her body jackknifed convulsively, sending him slamming against his father, who fell out of bed with a crash.

"Dear God," his mother sighed. "This is the first one!"

Her voice trailed off into a blissful purr. She swooned. There was silence in the bedroom . . . except for a husky, irregular sound like a saw being drawn across rotten wood. He looked down at the floor. His father lay on his back, his head against a leg of the night table, his neck twisted at an impossible angle.

Halberson decided to get out of there fast. Forgetting his clothes, he launched himself at the time traveller and pushed the button.

Nothing happened. He tried again, watching closely. His fingertip passed through the button.

What! Halberson stared at his hands and found them fading from view, growing insubstantial, like the hands of a ghost. His fingertips were fully transparent, and the transparency was spreading. What the hell? . . .

Abruptly, with a terrible sinking feeling, he understood. His father was dying — and had not yet impregnated his mother. And when he actually died, no baby Halberson would ever be born. He, the adult Halberson, would cease to exist!

There was only one thing to do and Halberson did it. He hurled himself to the floor before his father, ripped open his pyjama bottoms and set to work.



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The poor man certainly had been horny. Despite his rapidly fading life force, he attained an almost instant erection.

Good. Now Halberson leapt to his feet, bent down, encircled his father with his arms, and began tugging him onto his mother's bed. It was like pulling at a sack of wet cement.

Halberson's hands were fading, fading. With a grunt, he rolled his father on top of his mother.

"Oh, Paul, more?" his mother whispered, her eyes still closed.

"Sure thing, Nance," said Halberson, hands were now no more than transparent wraiths. Working essentially with his stumps, he somehow fumbled his father's banana into his mother's split.

"Glor, Snorf," commented his father. His breathing was becoming raspier and raspier. Pink spittle had begun to collect at the corners of his mouth.

Halberson's body was still fading. He had hoped that effecting the penetration would be enough, that biology would then take over, but this obviously was not to be the case.

With a curse he took his father's hips between his elbows and began holisting him and lowering him, as if with a pair of ice tongs. And still Halberson's body faded.

"Come on, you bastard," he growled, you never gave me shit in my life, don't take birth away from me." He began ramming his head against his father's buns on each downswing.

"Oh, Paul," whispered his mother. "You're so alive tonight." "Snork!" replied his father. His body arched into a sudden bow, then collapsed utterly.

Pop! Halberson snapped into full substance. His desperate tactic had worked! Relief washed over him.

"Paul? Paul, darling? I've still got my cookies. Are you stopping?"

Uh-oh. Halberson dived for the time machine.

Was he cured of neurosis? he wondered. He would never know. Whatever future was awaiting for him up there would be the only one he'd ever experienced. If Larry had been right, he'd remember nothing of what went on here tonight.

Abruptly, the light went on. There was a scream. Halberson pushed the button.

Halberson's depression greeted him that morning like an avalanche of boulders. They roared down on him the moment he opened his eyes. He was numb within seconds.

Somewhat he forced his hand to the phone and dialed. "Help," he croaked.

With merciful haste, Pablo Jimenez arrived in his bedroom, dropped his pants, and sat in his face.



YOUR LETTERS ...

Revoltin'!

To the Editor,
You've got to be kidding.
The News is the most revolting piece of trash I've ever come across. It's just filled with distaste and pornography and you should be ashamed of yourselves for having the gall to publish it.

I really don't know why I bother to waste my twenty cents.

Unsigned — Acton

Filth, Hope and Charity

Dear Sir,
As much as it offends normal moral standards, I feel I have to write a few words about this thing they call violence. And mind you it shocks me more to write it than it does you to read it. Albeit nevertheless in the interests of truth, here comes another bucketful on the

hateful topic: namely a rep from the apostolic delegate to the First Church of Christ Sensualist at the Vatican and Pope Building, Wall Street.

In an end-of-financial-year message to shareholders the Managing Director, Mr Paul Pope, 198, said he found it gratifying to note that their major competitor, Communism No Liability had been trounced in a spectacular advertising campaign, enabling the turnover of rubber souls to reach even greater heights. He said, that although CNL catchphrases "You Fuck'em, We Suck'em" and "You Rape'em, We Scrape'em" had caught the imagination of the consumer, "lies, damn lies and statistics on the part of his corporation has appealed to their better judgment and ensured a steadily increasing market."

However Mr Pope, 283, went on to denounce those sections of the market whose actions were not in the best interests of his company. "It is with bitter regret and

deep sadness," he said "that I learn of the flow of hard porn so late in life". And with "excruciating pain and dreadful nausea" he contemplated the millions of fornicators and adulterers whose very souls stood on the edge of the abyss.

This impassioned address was received with cries of "Shame" from the audience. "As I grow older" said Pope, 392, "I watch with tortured convulsions and tormenting pangs of mortal agony the widespread use of tele-

vision..." "As I grow older," said your trusty scribe "I find the act of reading increasingly wearisome and of no possible use what-so-ever." But my own personal opinion, for all that its worth, is that this Pope chappie should get into venereal diseases — 2.5 million Americans have and they can't be wrong (can they?)

I have it on very good authority that a certain Dr (what do we think of Doctors?...?) Webster, President of the

American Social Health Association said "Clearly, new tools are needed" and he can't be wrong. So the situation in that country must be painful to say the least.

GROWFORD PAINS

Dear Sir,

I wish to bring it to the attention of your readers the joy that is to be found in abiding by the teachings and example of our Lord, Jesus Christ.

In my pubescent years my life was in turmoil. My friends were all the wrong sort and I was introduced to the evils of homosexuality.

One thing led to another and I was soon drinking beer and dropping vitamin pills at an alarming rate. Then my tolerance built up and this was not enough — I began stealing bras and having intercourse with my fist.

A guilt complex developed rapidly and I found recourse in cider, then wine then brandy, gin, whisky and on and on. Then one terrible day I realized my life had become a shambles and in the throes of despair I developed a terminal habit by hitting up southern comfort and imported Tequila.

Several times I O.D. only to find myself being resuscitated in hospital wards, from where I always managed to escape. "Why wouldn't people leave me alone?" I used to scream!

It all became too much for me and one day I set out on that last final trip — I O.Ded myself finally and completely or so I thought.

This time I didn't wake up in a sterile hospital, I awoke in a cosy room and there sitting placidly beside me was a clean healthy-looking youth.

He introduced himself as Johnny Begood. He claimed to be a Jesus Freak.

Johnny, explained how he had found me lying in a gutter in University Avenue and had carried my lathsom limbo back to John XXIII College. He had apparently doused me with cold water and black coffee and prayed that I would recover (with the grace of God).

Johnny Begood and myself spent many hours talking of God and religion over the next few days of my recovery and tenderly he helped me to relieve my addiction to hard alcohol with altar wine at first and eventually with holy water.

Over the remaining few months of my testimony I began to find true faith in Jesus. Praying came to be the biggest hit I had ever found. I relinquished all my old friends and became intimate with other religious people in Canberra.

When my turmoil was over I decided that to show my thanks to Jesus for my salvation I should spread his Word to unbelievers.

I can now be found in the Union Bar between 12 and 12 midnight spreading truth about Jesus,

Yours in Christ,
Jack Trotmore Growford.

WEEKEND WEDDINGS



Miss Charollette Heart and Mr John 'Flowers' Creamer both of Wogga were married on Capital Hill last weekend. The Creamers said

they chose the spot because they wanted to be where it's at. The young couple will honeymoon alternatively in front of one of the TV's on DJ's ground floor and in Homecraft's record booths.



Boris 'Butch' Belluve and Spiro Annulus both of no fixed address were married in a stirring ceremony outside the South African Embassy. The Annuluses said they chose the spot because they wanted to be where it's at.

The pair are planning their honeymoon in South Africa, but Spiro doesn't expect any trouble in hanging onto Butch despite the Niggers' proven sexual powers — then boongs aren't really human, you know.



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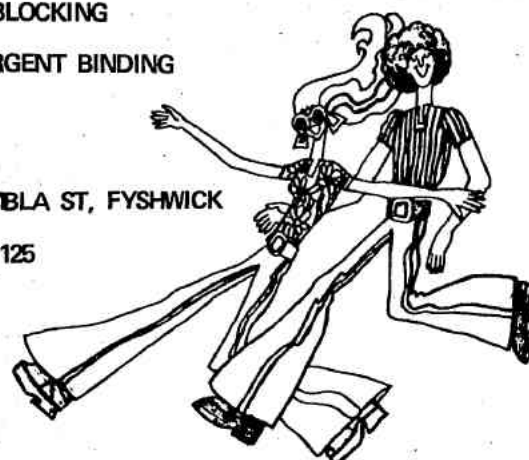
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VIETNAM AID APPEAL

A general Vietnam Aid Appeal has been launched in Australia. As part of that Appeal, the Australian Union of Students is asking Australian university students to contribute financially to the reconstruction of Vietnam.

Destruction:

For over thirty years the people of Vietnam have known nothing but war and suffering. The legacy of foreign intervention is a society torn apart ... homes, factories, schools, hospitals, destroyed, land denuded and water poisoned.

The Vietnamese people need your help. Funds collected will be channelled through the Appeal Trusts to the Ministry of Health in North Vietnam and the Liberation Red Cross in South Vietnam. Participating organizations will also have the opportunity to assist a project of their choice. The AUS will divert some of the funds raised towards an educational project.

The Need is Great and Urgent:

Below is a tabulated account of the wounded in Vietnam.

Together with this is a table of the Refugees in South-East Asia. These two tables provide some indication of the vast extent of the medical problems alone that confront Vietnam. Figures are not yet available for North Vietnam, but the situation seems just as bad there.

The Bombing and its Effects:

In the period 1965-1971, US forces exploded 26 billion lbs (13 million tons) of munitions in Indo-China (50% from the air). This is the equivalent of 450 Hiroshima bombs or twice the tonnage of munitions exploded in World War II by the US.

It represented an average of 14.2lbs exploded per acre, 584lbs of explosive per person, while over this seven-year period (NB excluding 1972) the average

rate of detonation was 118 lbs per second.

South Vietnam in this period received 21 billion lbs of munitions exploded.

Its coverages were: 497lbs per acre and 1,215 lbs per person of explosives.

In an aerial bombardment alone up to the ceasefire, more than three times the tonnage that the US dropped in World War II was dropped.

Further, in South Vietnam the bombing was concentrated in the five northern provinces and around Saigon. Therefore the devastation was greater as it was concentrated.

Given the intensity of the bombardment above and the nature of the missions (random interdiction missions around the countryside) and add to this the fact that 50% of bombs dropped were anti-personnel weapons, then it is not difficult to see how, of the total casualties, 90% were civilians. An estimated one person in 35 in Indo-China has been killed, and one in every 15 wounded.

The nature of the Vietnam

strategy is that the people have been either killed, wounded or made to flee their homes and become refugees. The latter part of the Vietnam War has been directed against the people of Indo-China. This can be seen when one compares it with: World War I — civilian casualties were 5% of the total. World War II — civilian casualties were 48% of the total.

The Ecological Effects of the Bombing:

It is estimated that over 21 million craters have been created in South Vietnam alone. The size of a crater from a 500lb bomb measures 30 feet in diameter and

is 15 feet deep. More than 3½ million 500lb to 700lb bombs were dropped on Vietnam in 1967-1968 alone.

The displacement of earth from these bombs alone would be ten times the excavation required for the Suez or Panama canals.

The area covered by craters overall would be approximately 345,000 acres.

Thus the whole landscape of Vietnam has been changed — becoming more that of a moon landscape, part of which will become a permanent feature as the effort to remove earth and fill the craters would be enormous. Many craters from the first World War near Verdun still

exist today.

The craters cannot be used for rice production as they are too deep or permanently water-filled. So extensive interruption has occurred to cultivation in Vietnam.

To this one can add the problem of malaria as these craters provide good breeding-grounds for mosquitoes.

In short, as well as the direct medical problem of wounded and refugees, the agricultural geography of Vietnam has entirely changed. For instance, 35% of dense, tropical forest is defoliated.

Consequently, the production of rice crops has suffered, and malnutrition and disease are at high levels.

[The editors of the Chunderra News regret that due to the pressure of time they were unable to obtain an article for inclusion in this issue about the second of the Bush Week Charities: The Society for the Advancement of Slow Learners.]

THIS YEAR'S BUSHWEEK CHARITIES ARE:

SOCIETY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SLOW LEARNERS

AND THE VIETNAM AID APPEAL

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WOUNDED IN VIETNAM:

(U.S. Defence Department figures)

Year	U.S.	South Vietnam	Third Country	Enemy	Total
1960	0	2,788	0	na-Dod	2,788
1961	3	5,449	0	projects	5,452
1962	78	7,195	0	1.5 wounded per death.	7,273
1963	411	11,488	0		11,899
1964	1,039	17,017	0		18,056
1965	6,114	23,118	139		29,371
1966	30,093	20,974	1,591		52,658
1967	62,025	29,448	2,318		93,791
1968	92,820	70,696	1,997		165,513
1969	70,216	65,276	2,218		137,710
1970	30,643	71,852	1,830		104,325
1971	8,997	59,823	1,148		69,968
1972	893*	91,735*	566*		93,194
1960-72	303,322	476,839	11,807		791,998

* through July 31

REFUGEES GENERATED IN SOUTHEAST ASIA:

(U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Refugees figures)

Year	S. Vietnam	Cambodia	Laos
1964-66	2,400,000		
1967	435,000		
1968	1,410,000		
1969	590,000		
1970	400,000	2,000,000+	recent rates:
1971	150,000		2-300,000 per year
1972	1,000,000		
1964-72	6,385,000**	2,000,000+	1,000,000

* through July 31

** From USAD statistics. Figure does not include Subcommittee estimate of 2,000,000 refugees not officially registered in urban areas. Sen. Kennedy on August 3, 1971 reported over 8,000,000 refugees generated in Vietnam.

	Under Johnson	Under Nixon
S. Vietnam	4,245,000	2,140,000
Cambodia	0	2,000,000
Laos	400,000	600,000
Total	4,645,000 (40.5%)	4,740,000 (50.5%)

Urgent medical aid is needed for other reasons. Two related reasons are the U.S. bombing and Ecology.

Canberra's Only Disco

Jack Stone
 Qantas House

★ YOUR STARS ★ FOR TOMORROW

ARIES

MARCH 21 —
APRIL 20

If you are male, today would be a good day to go back to bed (by yourself). A domestic crisis is likely to brew this afternoon, as a result of your getting sacked as a result. If you are a female, today would be a good day for rain.

TAURUS

APRIL 21 —
MAY 22

Your chances of winning this year's Iron Man or Women Race are good if you can absorb as much as you put out.

GEMINI

MAY 23 —
JUNE 21

You are getting a bit bored with your job. Why not resign?

CANCER

JUNE 22 —
JULY 22

A good day to take up cigarettes. Or if you prefer heroin, ring 497444 and ask for Ray.

LEO

JULY 23 —
AUGUST 22

Take up a hobby today. Why not aeroplanes. Ring Frank, 480066 ext 278 for details, or bomb throwing ring 497444 and ask Paul for details.

VIRGO

AUGUST 23 —
SEPTEMBER 22

Today you are due to register for National Service and also to lodge your protest against the visiting Springbok team. Don't forget your Civic duty.

LIBRA

SEPT. 23 —
OCTOBER 22

A good day for the pub. Why not get smashed, get into your hotted-up FJ Fordomatic and kill 23 schoolchildren on a pedestrian crossing. Today's conjunction of and end but suggests that 3.30 might be a good time.

SCORPIO

OCTOBER 23 —
NOVEMBER 21

A good day for an emetic. Lucky number, any combinations involving any of the numbers 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9 or 0.

SAGITTARIUS

NOVEMBER 22 —
DECEMBER 22

A fine and mild day, with scattered East to South Eastern winds, seas choppy. Maximum temperature 23 degrees.

CAPRICORN

DECEMBER 23 —
JANUARY 20

A bad day. Leave town, and take your damn menagerie with you.

AQUARIUS

JANUARY 21 —
FEBRUARY 19

Truly you are an amazing gifted person. You should expect a great deal of obsequence today from everybody.

PISCES

FEBRUARY 20 —
MARCH 20

Why not have a wash, or a shower today for a change. Better still why not take up a hobby, like using toilet paper, or even better, flushing the privy behind you.

STUFFED STAFF

This issue was edited by Martin Attridge and Jack Waterford, both 21, of Ainslie. Mr Waterford, who was unfortunately delayed in Sydney for a whole day prior to publication, feels that the paper was on the whole reasonable but wishes to put in a disclaimer for anything which didn't come to his liking.

He told a Chunderra News reporter yesterday that it was an honour to act as a copyboy for Mr Attridge, who, by way of compensating for the special skills he has in journalism, did most of the legwork.

Mr Attridge, would, of course, like to disclaim any responsibility for any articles which obviously did not bear his imprint.

Mr Attridge would also hasten to point out that, his chance acquaintance, Jack Growford, was too overcome by foul and intoxicating liquors to provide any assistance.

The bloody awful pages, he reminds you, were the work of Mr Waterford, when he at last did consent to come back and do some.

Some who did however, were Andrew McCredie, David Spratt (although alas the demon grog got to him at last too) Jo-anne "Boobs" Landenberg, and Spunky Riddel.

HAGAR THE HORRIBLE

by DIK BROWNE

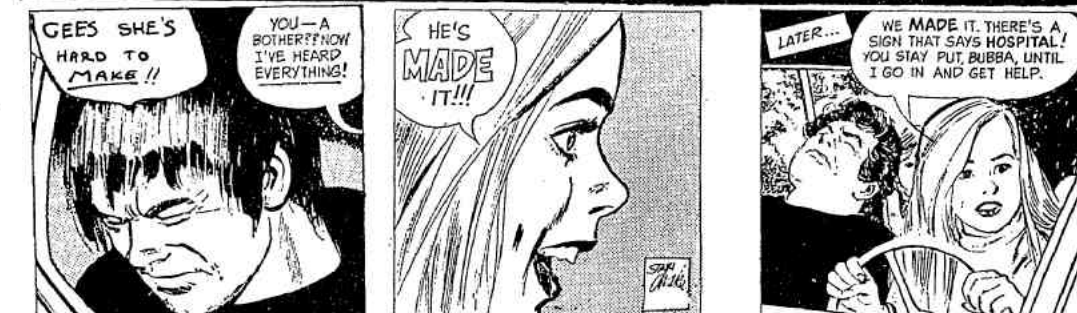


SESAME STREET from CHILDREN'S TELEVISION WORKSHOP



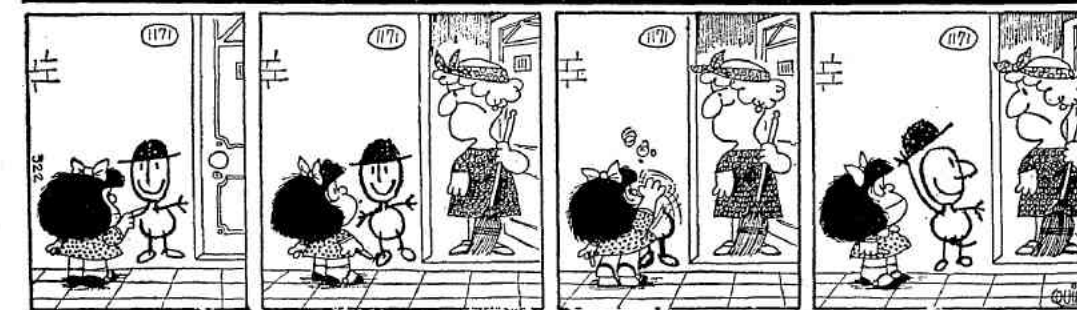
THE HEART OF JULIET JONES

by STAN DRAKE



MAFALDA

by QUINO



THE PHANTOM

by LEE FALK and SY BARRY



Forty minute puzzle

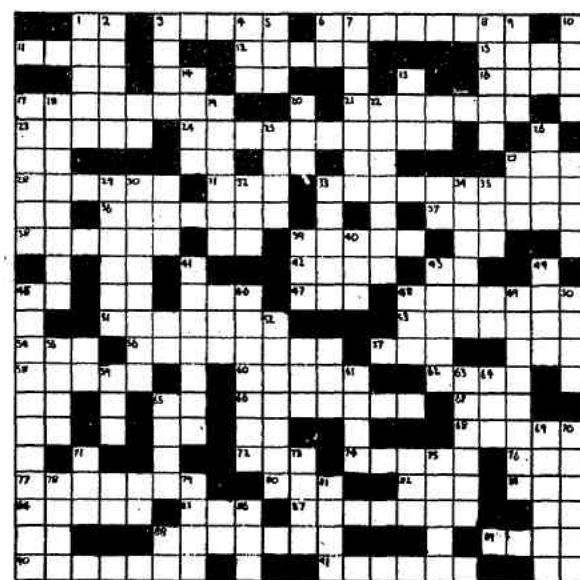
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ACROSS
1 Ingenious
5 Applauds
8 Banish-ment
10 Diplomacy
12 Pert, to
13 Hypo-
14 Prohibit
15 Fabric
17 Precipitous
20 Game of skill
22 Genuine
24 Organ of hearing
26 Main point
27 School periods
28 Stretched
30 Touches
32 Moisture
24 Under-lying principle
36 Appointed
37 Extremely
38 Luke-warm
39 Remains
40 Abrupt
2 Peruvian animal
3 Wine lanks
4 Arbitrator
5 Shut
6 Advantage gained
7 Strawberry baskets
9 Wading bird
11 Blame
14 Strike with the head
23 Deflect on passage in
25 Sets down in writing
28 Abjects
31 Pace
33 Weird
35 Greedy

SOLUTION 14,365

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Pictures pages 1, 5 bottom
7 rhs, 15 by Huw Price



Stack Jone
Hantas Quose, Bercanna

(fully licensed)

IN THE GARDEN — WITH FRANK JOKE. YOU HAVE TO GO UNDERGROUND TO FIND THE BEST ROOTS

My madness, as some people call it, has given me the happiest moments of my life. I guess it all started back in high school when I was about fifteen years old. It was during that period of my life that I discovered the forbidden fruits of necrophilia in a funeral parlour owned by my best friend's father.

Sexual relations with the dead changed the depressing trend of my life and I think now is the time to make known to the world the fantastic joy that people can enjoy if only they dare.

Though I came to be a necrophiliac at a point of weakness, I feel there are very strong reasons why everyone should seek out the ecstatic pleasures I have found in my dealings with those who have passed away. For instance, in these days of sexual liberation a great many people feel strongly the desire to objectify sex, but relating to someone as a sexual object can cause pain. A necrophiliac never has a guilty conscience on this score, as it is so much easier to objectify sex with the dead.

How often has a living partner destroyed a sensual evening by opening her mouth? How many times have you put up with an obnoxious personality simply because you hoped to

get laid? But fucking with that type of person is more than anyone should have to endure, and if you're open-minded you don't have to. You don't have to say, "Hey you're lookin' good," or give any other such insincere compliments. Why you don't even have to talk at all — unless you want to.

WARM BODIES

However, I talk to my dead lovers ... quite often. And, of course, you never have trouble with ego-shrinking complaints about your abilities. A corpse will never overwork you and they never get tired. You leave them satisfied every time. They really are all different, and not just in variance in time they are dead or why. They really have personality, tenderness and a sense of humor (some grab you in the funniest places and won't let go). You even get feedback — you know you have been dynamite if you warm one

up. I swear I made this one girl sweat, and no live girl could have handled me that night.

And the stiff holds the most incredible positions, forever. The only live relations I've had that compare were with a yoga freak. She could cross her thighs behind her neck, great for "basket case" fantasies. You can fix realistic expressions, beat them (some love it), and reduce the chance of venereal disease. They do anything live people do and then some.

Have you ever made love using the rear entry position and looked your partner in the eye? I have, she was an auto fatality with a broken neck. And there are plenty of opportunities to use diverse numbers of artificially created orifices found in those who came to gruesome ends. Like the pragmatic philosopher Marquis de Sade wrote: if an orifice was not created to be used this way, why is the fit so perfect?

Remember, the key to all sex is the mind anyway. So if you feel like a cow being milked, if sex has become a boring "she came ... thank goodness he waited ... good, now he can come" routine then take some advice and put spice in your life. Go necro!

Don't get me wrong. Often relations that began sexually blossomed into something more. I have shocked many loved ones and families by showing up at the graves of those who became dear to me: placing some flowers each year. Some potentially embarrassing questions have gone necessarily unanswered. How do you explain your attachment for a plumber who died at age 55 and never knew you while alive, to Herman Hickman's relatives? These relationships have the drawback of being short due to nature. But it isn't so bad if you are promiscuous anyway. Also there is a growing trend toward stiff swapping.

Be this all a dream — the dead are the awakened!

LUST AFTER LIFE?

Society has bum-rapped the homosexual. Even the sympathetic artistic works on the subject have unhappy endings. Homosexuals are justifiably outraged. In the old days our small den of necrophiles would sit and discuss this problem in terms of necromancy. We believe in "Lust after Life". Statistics show that more people will die in the next 80 years (regardless of politics) than

the sum total deaths (from any cause) in the total history of the world! For a while quality worried us, medical breakthroughs, etc. But with heroin, violence, political violence and unsafe cars, there is still a good age selection. And older people who die of heart and lung ailments are usually in pretty good shape for our purposes. Long live the capitalist death culture!

Things sure ain't what they used to be. Necrophilia is growing rapidly and corpse copping is easier. Many are beginning to hear of us as local NLF chapters increase and leave the obscurity once considered necessary. You see more and more necro brothers on the street each day, often recognisable by their "Keep Them Dying" buttons. If growth continues to spiral, funeral homes will have a huge lobby in Westminster in less than 10 years. It's a tremendous potential source of income for them. They could have a regular clientele who are notified of each arrival, trades could be made — the possibilities are magnificent! The economic issue will bring much pressure to bear in making the dream a reality. Imagine millions standing in line, each waiting for their two minutes in private with a

loved politician's coffin.

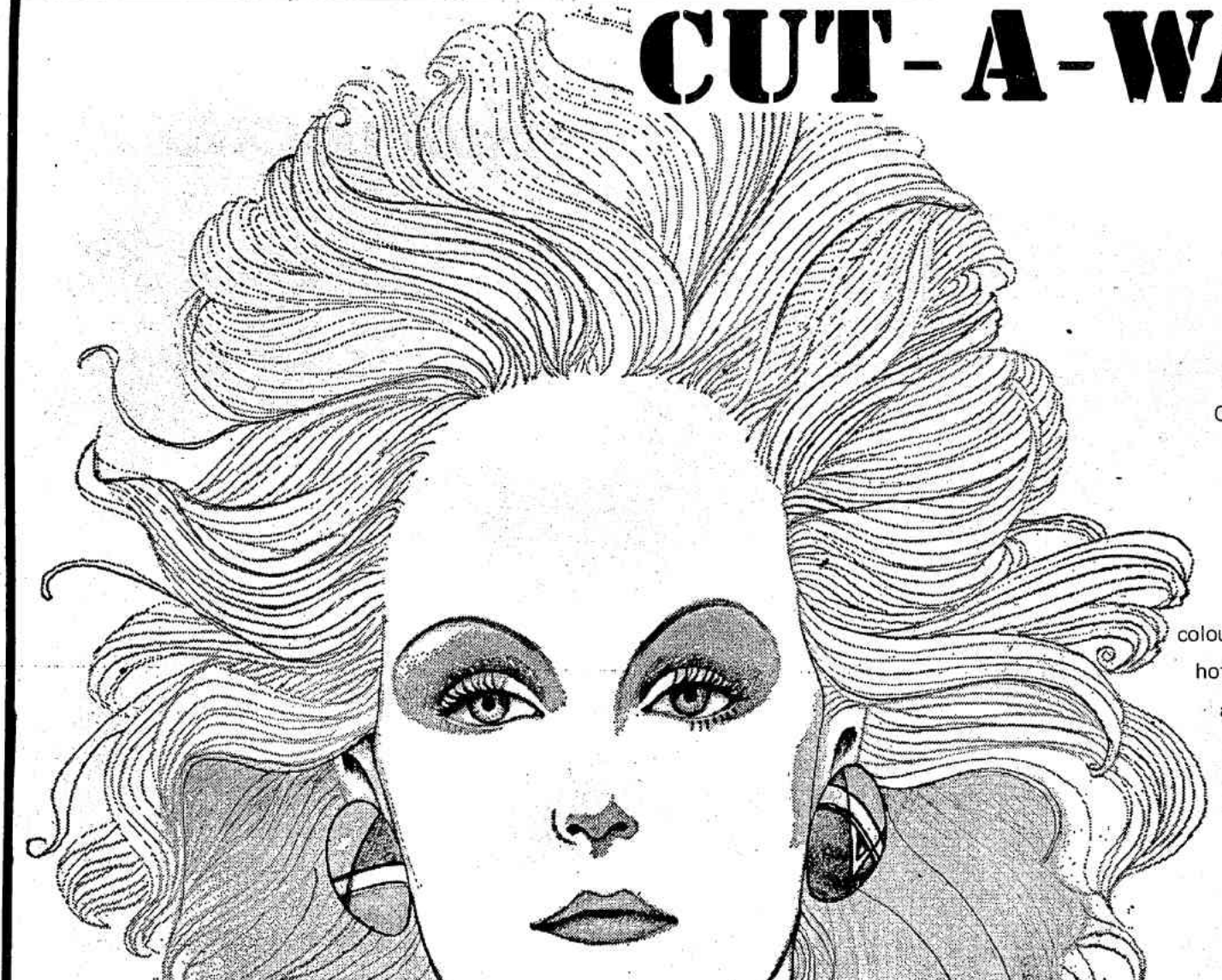
Other good necro suggestions: Personal contracts with friends. They will generally agree, in good faith, to give you their bodies when done with them. In one instance a close friend of mine kicking smack in a hospital gave authorities my name and address and request in case of death. Imagine a body of your own for as long as it would keep!

TALENTED DEVOTED PEOPLE

Necrophilia gives access to men and women of all ages and celebrities (I'd mention names but it would endanger those who made it possible). It's tremendous for experience. Necrophiliacs are talented devoted people, often experts with cosmetics and are well suited for work at all levels of the funeral business. They have a real understanding and love for this kind of work. Here in London some serious organising needs to be done. The bookstores in Soho have almost nothing on necrophilia. I had to tell one owner what it was! anyone interested or with connections or just hints on where to "dig up" some action—I'd like to hear from you.

"Dig the Struggle".

CUT-A-WAY



DAVID JONES

Weird but wonderful things happen at the Cut - A - Way Hair-dressing salon for guys and gals on the Top Floor in D.J.'s at the Mall streaking, colouring, conditioning, hot roller sets, cutting... and blow waving.... it's all part of the service at the Cut - A - Way



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Standard size: regular \$8.95 now only \$6.95

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Hurry! Limited Offer!

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CHUNDERRA NEWS CLASSIFIEDS it pays to advertise

Help Wanted: Foreman for maggot ranch. Must be 3'8" tall or shorter, white, with BA and long fingernails. Box GG348, Queanbeyan.

Young man, horny, just wants to fuck. The old way: 'him on top, her on bottom. Isn't there anybody?
John 477306

Occult Pet Shop: Vampire bats, trained howling wolves, black swans, snakes of all kinds, blind and yellow-eyed dogs. This week only - Tasmanian devils. We buy and trade. No insects, please. Union Bldg, ANU Canberra

Gay. Really hung Amputee desires meaningful, bizarre relationship with hung, understanding three-legged man. Send photo and sample poem Richard R., c/- SRC ANU

Wanted: Girl with figure like R. Welch and face like L. Chaney available for nude modeling. Have experience in avant-garde stag films. Call Di. c/- SRC.

Fem. Lib. Meet us on Garema Place for a screech-in. Uniform of the day: steel-toed boots, jockstraps, brass knucks and motorcycle helmets. Roll call at 1530 hrs.

Hip, bi Aust Senator would like to meet hung single guys. couples, animals (with trainers) or still-warm corpses. Discretion vital. Call 421 000.

Canberra Free University: Wide variety of courses available - Bread Sculpture, Fundamentals of Mendicancy, Improvisational Astral Projection, Scientology (prenatal child training), Japanese Cherry-stone Carving, The Swiss Cinema, etc. Contact Steve, Learning Exchange, c/- SRC.

Young single guy with slightly kinky taste, but sincere, would like to meet girl with whom he can "do his thing". Essential that she have no objection to minstrel attire and know something about vulcanization. Jack 477306

Dr Marion Volstad, ANU veterinarian, conducts animal-human encounter group sessions aimed at creating better rapport between pets & owners. Quadrupeds preferred - no fish. 8.30 pm Mon & Fri Information 45-8041

Groove While You Grieve! Psychedelic mourning bands \$2. The Wild Shape Mod Shop, Manuka.

Aggressive, excessively energetic giantess wishes to meet male choruses, road gangs, soccer teams, etc., for mutual enjoyment & edification. Jack 477306

Gloria: Have you ever thought about what Eros spelled backward is? Phil

Attractive, lonely, well-to-do male, 49, seeks experienced, understanding lady flamingo to live in, share each other's problems & pleasures. Colin, Uni Administration

Wanted: Dwarfs, strong men, bracers, soda jerk, fashion model, armadillo & trampoline for underground film. Good pay. 564329

Fetishists! monogrammed manacles frosting mixes realistic rubber freud and Hitler masks exploding contraceptives, apr suits, electric negligee. Your order discreetly handled. Frolich & Gambol, PO Box 625 Canberra City.

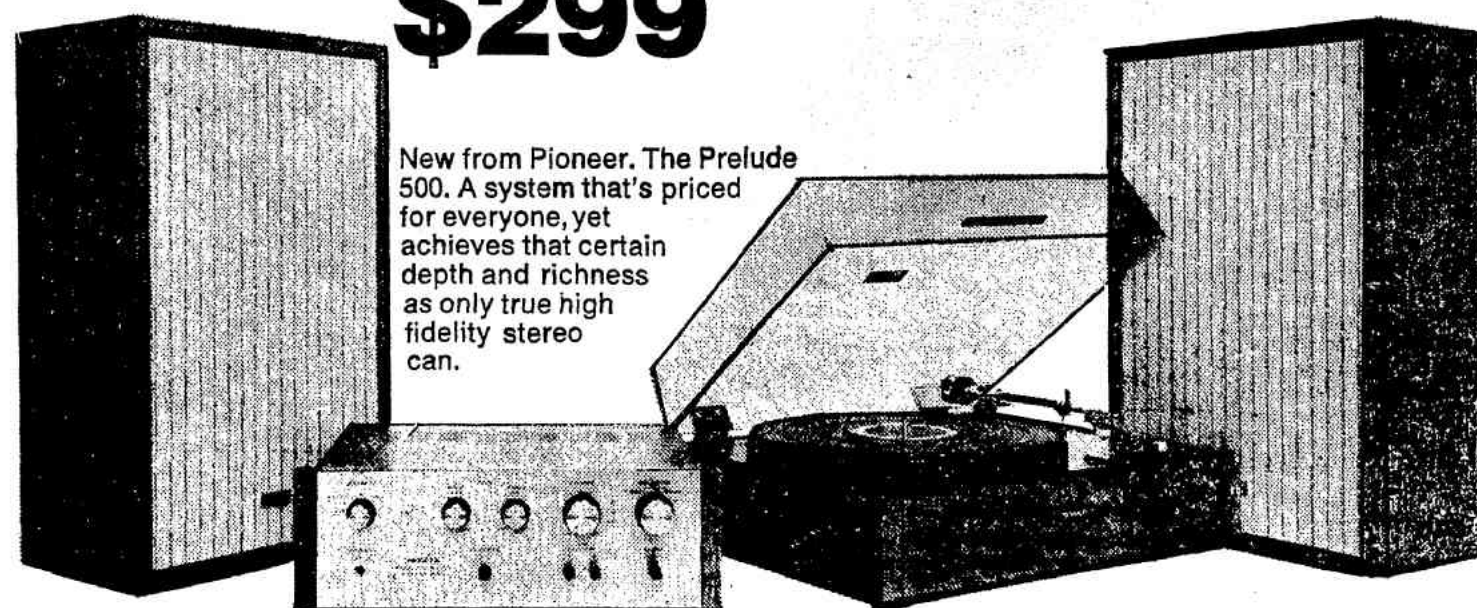
Marge, The tattoo of *The Last Supper* can be removed. It was my parents' idea. Can't we try again?
Craig

Is there balm in Gilead? Is the drug bag becoming a monotonous drag? Fed up with the same old routine of pot, laughing gas, TV, fly agaric, booze, etc? Are your trips something less than orbital? Speed less than supersonic? Visions myopic? Do you find it a waste to get wasted? Looking for a really new high, something really different, that will put you up there where it's all balmy? We have the ultimate High - cheap, quick! Write PF Lobotomy, Box 6006, Canberra City.

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BEWARE OF FRAUD!

Several dozen jaded journalists are producing an imitation of The Chunderra News as a bushweek stunt.

To be called the Canberra News, the paper is intended to sell at newsstands for five cents, with the monies raised being donated to the charitable fund to Keep Sir Warwick Fairfax Alive and Well.

The editor to the rag, Mr Peter Wilson, 32, of Upper Causeway said that the paper intended to concentrate on smut and trivia, the essential ingredient of a successful bushweek rag.

"It's not a bad paper, although we could have done with some more ads", he said. "If it is successful, we might keep going on a day to day basis".

A police spokesman refused to comment, although it is known that the Police Association is strongly opposed to the peddling of what they consider smut.

The editor of the Chunderra News, Mr M. Attridge thought that it would not do any harm to have a reasonable mock at his newspaper, although, of course, he would object if filth and perversity were introduced, and people were fooled into thinking that "The Canberra News" was in fact the "Chunderra News".

"But overall, I think it can only be good advertising", he said.

A copyboy on the "Chunderra News" sister paper, "The Chunderra Crimes", Mr J. Waterford, refused to comment.

FRANK
JOSEPH ON
HORSE SPORT



RACING GUIDE

Canberra Trots
ACT TAB Code: CT
Sat Afternoon.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Gundaroo Gallop, 50m (1.00) | 4. Two Year Old Handicap 500m, (3.15) |
| 1. Spunky Sue | 1. Spastic |
| 2. Superior Position | 2. Overage |
| 3. Frustrated | 3. Crippled |
| 4. Born Loser | 4. Preschool |
| 5. Flash Chick | 5. Wee Wee |
| 6. Hungarian Goulash | 6. Poo Poo |
| | 7. Growford |
| 2. Woodstock Revival, 100m (1.45) | 5. Canberra Cup |
| 1. Lovebeads | 1. Keppel |
| 2. Hashpipe | 2. Walsh |
| 3. Overdose | 3. Dalgano |
| 4. Smacked | 4. Fry |
| 5. Amphetamine | 5. Black |
| 6. Nembutal | 6. Petersilka |
| 7. Nark | 7. Cahill |
| 8. Hare Alcohol | |
| 3. Free-For-All, 1000m (2.30) | 6. Juvenile Handicap |
| 1. Deadrunk | 1. Williams |
| 2. Paddywagon | 2. Hohnen |
| 3. Bashing | 3. Plowman |
| 4. Cells | 4. Riddell |
| 5. Kicking | 5. Da Tooth |
| 6. Lawcourt | 6. Refshauge |
| 7. Fine | 7. Editors. |

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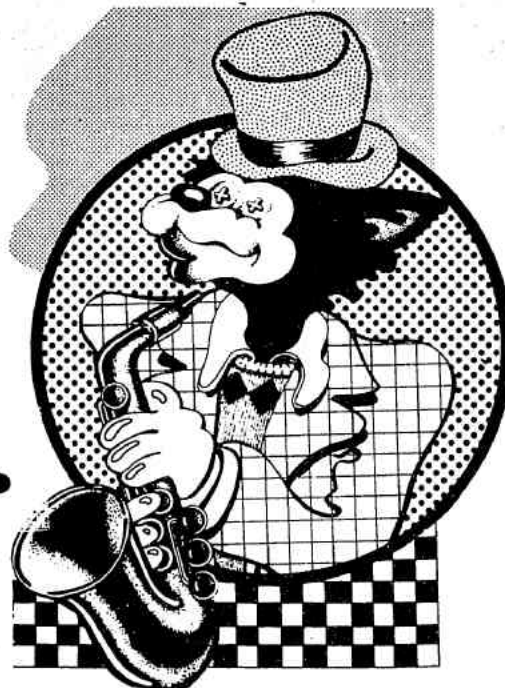
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PROGRAM STUD POKER!



FOR BUSH WEEK!

Thursday 2nd August

Pranks. Labour Club tent — all day
Bush Week Rag — on sale by midday. For person(s) selling the most copies of the paper, a prize of five albums (new) and a nine gallon keg. All profits go to the charities. Finishes 5pm 3.8.73. Get copies from Students' Association office at any time.

Iron Man Race — 1pm start. 1st Prize, a nine gallon keg. See Students' Association office and noticeboards for course and entry details or just turn up at the start! A test of man against time, nature and himself.

7.30pm — Bush Week Ball, with the heroes of music and merriment, the Monaro Folk Society. Admission, \$1.00 per person. Food free, booze available at the Union Refectory till midnight.

12.00pm — Cinathon, Coombs Building. Admission 40c, finishes 8.00am Friday.

1.00pm — 2.00pm — Taurus Excretus. Based on "Just a minute" radio programme. Functions Room.

Friday 3rd August

12.00am to 8.00am — Cinathon continued.

Pranks and Labour Club tent.

10.00am to 1.00pm — Scavenger Hunt. 8 - 12 teams of seven people each. Entry prerequisite is to sell 200 copies of the Bush Week Rag by 9.45am (3.8.73). Enter teams when collecting copies of the paper from the Students Association office.

2.00pm — Sports Afternoon. 2.00pm — Woodchopping, nine gallon keg to winning team. 3.00pm — Bicycle race. Nine gallon keg to winning team of three people. Begins at Parliament House at 3 o'clock. Register teams at the Students Association office before 2 o'clock. Goes through town via Commonwealth Ave, finishes at the Union.

4.00pm — Boat Races. Departmental or other teams. 8's and 4's, drinking behind Union. Prize is a few dozen tinies.

8.00pm to 1.00am — Concert in the Union Refectory. \$1.50 for students, \$2.00 for others. Features:

1. *Flake* — a top Sydney group with Neil Johns from Blackfeather — nice heavy rock music.

2. *Blerta* — a top New Zealand group. Record in top ten in New Zealand, now released in Australia. Travelling the world with their seven musos, two actors, light show, movies, roadie, wives and kids. Their own distinct musical flavours.

3. *Sun* — a top Sydney group who had packed halls at the Union concerts they gave at the beginning of the year. Distinctly jazz-rock music, and a light show. Booze and refreshments — 3 floating bars.

Saturday 4th August

Procession — nine gallon keg for the best float. Starts at Childers St 9.30am. Clubs, societies, faculties and departments start thinking. Entries close 5pm Thursday 2.8.73. Trucks for floats will be arranged. Please register early. 8.00pm to 12.00pm — Dance in Meetings and Functions Room with bar. Features the *Cunning Stunts* from Sydney and a local group. Small charge for Bush Week charities.

Sunday 5th August

Midday — Law Society Bush Picnic. South Oval, members only. Meat for barbeque, cheap booze, tug-o-war, egg and spoon races etc.

The bar will be open throughout Bush Week Monday to Friday 12.00 to 12.00. Proper Bush Week bush attire is requested at Union functions during this week, e.g. hats, boots, work trousers.

And.....there may be more!



SONIA & BILLY REJOICING TODAY

SPORT'S STAR OF THE YEAR

This years Sports Star of the year Award has been withheld until next year due to a lack of contenders.

Therefore last years winner, stud poker champion,

Billy McMahon keeps the Award in his possession until 1974.

Congratulations Billy! Keep it up, Sonia may yet again be Chunderer News Mother of the Year!

VILE SEX ACTS MAY BAN RUGBY

THE GAME of Rugby Union may be banned following astonishing revelation of depraved and vile sexual practices by visiting teams. The revelations were made by the Sydney Sunday Horror, and for once seem to be true.

The Sunday Horror usually makes everything up.

The revelations were made in a report of a match between the visiting Tonga team and Victoria, reproduced above.

The report came as no surprise to Rugby League and VFL supporters, who have long known Union players to be a bunch of poofs. But as yet nobody knows how to tackle the problem.

"We don't quite know what the score is, but we will try something," a Government spokesman said.

However, South African Union officials say that such things are bound to happen when black people are allowed to do anything.

Victoria surprised the tourists in every department and won an embarrassing amount of balls. The Tongan forwards were far too loose and the Victorian pack split them at will.

—DAILY MIRROR

No balls

"If we had our way we wouldn't let them have balls at all," one yarpie yapped.

Meanwhile, the revelations have moved Jerker Joe, dictator of the deep north, to think twice about letting his pure

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citizens see such depraved acts performed. Instead of having barbed wire to keep the spectators away from the players, like they did when the South Africans came, they are contemplating putting up barbed wire barricades to keep the Tongans out.

Napalm them

"If we see any balls being grabbed or any other loose behavior our purity police will have carte blanche," Jerker said.

When asked what they would do, the police would not comment, but one constable (IQ34) was heard to mutter something about "napalming the bastards just like we did to those depraved Viet Cong in Vietnam."

JACK STONE

QANTAS HOUSE
CANBERRA